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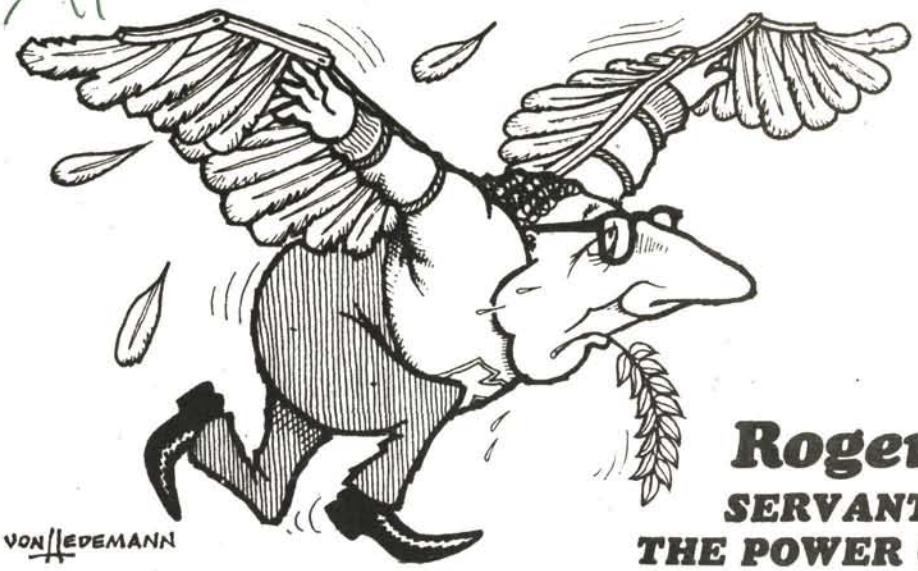

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LETTERS

democratic teachers

San Francisco, Calif.

Geoffrey Sill's editorial, "Democracy in the A.F.T.?" in your July 3rd issue appears to be a personal attack on AFT President Albert Shanker, but the real targets are AFT members throughout the country. Sill claims Shanker "controls" the AFT Executive Council, convention delegates, and "the union." Sill also warns that "the last remnants of internal democracy" in the AFT are about to be destroyed.

But, although Sill says he is an AFT member, he fails to mention the democratic procedures which characterize the AFT. I must assume he knows that locals are autonomous, and that local members *elect* convention delegates, the number of delegates depending on the number of members in the local. Roll-call votes at the convention provide constituents (local members) with a record of how their elected delegates voted on key issues. Convention delegates *elect* the AFT vice presidents and the president, which form the Executive Council. . . .

I've been an active member of the San Francisco AFT local for fifteen years. I chose the AFT rather than the NEA for one reason: decisions in the AFT at all levels are made by members, not by paid staff. . . . Perhaps Sill would be more comfortable in the "militant," "challenging" and undemocratic NEA. *Gerry Meister*

one less Republican

Santa Cruz, N.M.

Lawrence Lader brought out a most critical issue in "Abortions Denied" [*The Nation*, July 17], and I support his advocating the denial of support to public hospitals which refuse to obey the law allowing abortions.

So strongly do I feel about this issue, and so horrified was I at the stand taken by the Republican Party (to actively seek a constitutional amendment against abortions) that I went to the county courthouse the morning after the party platform was voted on at the convention and dropped my lifelong Republican voter registration. *Harriet Kimbro*

Eden in Sweden

Berkeley, Calif.

I have to take issue with Victor Lebow in his review of Robert Heilbroner's *Business Civilization in Decline* [*The Nation*, July 17]. He says "socialist" planning has not "shielded Sweden from . . . unemployment . . . (nor) overcome its propensities toward overproduction, its shoddiness in quality, and its far from satisfactory regard for consumer needs and wants." I claim that, at least in regard to Sweden, he is wrong on all points.

I lived in Sweden in 1956-67, and have kept in touch ever since. Unemployment there did rise recently to 1 per cent—as compared with 8 per cent here. I would call that an effective shield; considering the interdependence of world trade, I'd call it astoundingly good. Sweden avoids gluts caused by overproduction and Swedish quality is anything but shoddy. And there is admirable serving of consumer needs and wants of almost every conceivable kind, including medical care and housing for all and extending to a wide range of luxuries. *Tertius Chandler*

correction

Memory played a slight trick on me when I wrote of Robert W. Kenny [issue of Aug. 28, p. 134] that he had resigned shortly after being appointed to the District Court of Appeals. What happened was this: he was named Presiding Justice, District Court of Appeals, by Governor Olson on July 12, 1939, but decided not to accept the appointment. *Carey McWilliams*

EDITORIALS

China's Options After Mao

Mao Tse-tung the revolutionary died with his ultimate goals unachieved. At the core of his political philosophy was the concept of "uninterrupted revolution," and the messianic Mao proposed that the Chinese Revolution should constitute the model for revolutions yet to come in Asia, Africa and Latin America, with the turbulent movement to culminate in a *world* proletarian revolution. It was in pursuit of his ideas of revolution at home and abroad that he attacked and purged party comrades who opposed him.

The official Peking announcement of Mao's death on September 9 in effect called upon the Chinese nation to adhere to Maoist revolutionary doctrine; and, following the approved order of things, it put the class struggle first, as "the key link." In sum, the announcement piously gave voice to orthodox Maoism—as if the Chinese Communist Party (CCP), government and army were united in a determination to implement the Maoist revolutionary crusade, wherever it might lead.

But party history demonstrates that the desired unity was frequently lacking in the past, and manifestly it is absent at present. With a divided leadership, the People's Republic of China (PRC) faces grave political and economic problems; and the prime issue is whether the nation's material and human resources shall be mobilized in an orderly, disciplined manner to the end that the country may achieve the status of a modernized, first-rank power with all due speed, or whether top priority shall be accorded to the Maoist task of bringing revolutionary change to man and society.

Peking's official death announcement remarked that Mao had arrived at "the scientific conclusion that the bourgeoisie is right in the [Chinese] Communist Party." That seemingly locates the target area for a renewed hunt for the hated "revisionists." But men of both the radical Maoist and the moderate "revisionist" factions must have joined in framing the official announcement, and the pro forma recording of Mao's "conclusion" does not by any means signify that the CCP Central Committee will proceed with dispatch to the purge of party moderates and the pursuit of political and social revolution in defiance of possible adverse consequences. Will the moderates submit to the radicals without a struggle?

They will not. Political rhetoric is one thing, political power is another. The moderates occupy positions of strength in party, government and army. They will scheme, maneuver, join forces and fight, not only for personal survival but also because pragmatic considerations have convinced them that what China needs is not more destructive disorders of the type attendant upon the various convulsive "movements" launched by Mao over the years in service of his "uninterrupted revolution," but such pragmatic political and economic programs as might promise tangible benefits in terms of both economic production and national power.

There is visible on the Chinese scene no one who has the capacity to seize and exercise Chairman Mao's autocratic power. In the circumstances, it is hardly to

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be anticipated that the radicals will force the issue to a frontal clash; but with or without violence, the moderates bid fair to win—in part because they command broader power within the state bureaucracy, but also because they can ultimately count on a larger measure of support from the Chinese nation. The Red Guards of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution demonstrated that *their* brand of "Maoist" revolution was unproductive of desired results. From past experience, the pragmatic Chinese can appreciate that there is no miraculous, "revolutionary" way to transform China into "a powerful, modern socialist state by the turn of the century" (as envisaged by Premier Chou En-lai in January 1975). They will not readily turn again to the principle of uninterrupted revolution—for revolution's sake alone.

A "de-Stalinization" of Chairman Mao is not to be anticipated but, as in the case of Sun Yat-sen in the Nationalist camp, there will probably be radical reinterpretation of some of the leader's doctrines. For the period ahead, China promises to be a more staid, quieter People's Republic than when Mao "the Great Helmsman" fixed its course.

China's domestic political situation will inevitably be reflected in the country's ventures into the international field. The recognition of limits for revolution at home will be attended by similar acknowledgment of limits for the operation of Chinese foreign policy. Peking's announcement proclaimed that China "must adhere to proletarian internationalism, strengthen the unity between our party and the genuine Marxist-Leninist parties and organizations all over the world . . . unite with all the forces that can be united, and carry the struggle against imperialism, social imperialism and modern revisionism through to the end." But it failed to note how far China had fallen short of either getting control of the world Communist movement or of winning the role of leader of the envisaged "world proletarian revolution." In actuality, the PRC's political courtship of the United States, Japan and the European Economic Community offers clear evidence that, in Peking's collective mind, practical considerations of national security and trade outweigh the cause of world revolution and dictate that the PRC indulge in a Maoist "compromise."

So the signs point to a reining in, at least for the time being, of Mao's revolution. And the Thought of Mao Tse-tung will probably be cited as authority for the shift in strategy. O. EDMUND CLUBB

Hacking It

The Presidential campaign is off to a bad start; Carter, who seemed almost magisterial when Ford was wheedling those last few convention votes, is back in the shopping centers, so to speak. Ford, on the other hand, is back at "work," using the White House as a TV studio backdrop for a series of "Presidential" actions of the most trivial and self-serving sort. Kissinger is running the African arm of the Republican campaign, trying to pull a diplomatic coup ("*racial* peace is at hand" this time?) that will help Ford. It's a mischievous exercise, full of dangers for all concerned.

The structures of both campaigns are all that one

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can see. The candidates as exponents of policy are almost invisible. They both seem to be fine-tuning their pitches to the latest poll. In Carter's case, that has meant a distinct shift to the Right. His managers say that is what his "image" needs now, and so they twiddle the dials and out come words of super-patriotism (on Korea and Vietnam), caution on "spending," and obeisances to law and order.

This year's big irrelevancy is on the state (or states) and abortion. The Catholic bishops intoned the Word, both candidates genuflected before the hierarchy and then Ford prostrated himself, Carter barely remaining erect. The Georgian should keep in mind that he became his party's candidate because he seemed to have character and independence. That perception of him is fading as he trims. Ford has to adjust his signals to try to hide the fact that he is a genial reactionary. Carter, running on a sound platform, need not do that.

Perhaps the "debates" will help to make things clear, though they have been so formalized, with TV in mind and to protect both men from any disastrous gaffes, that they may be more like an interview personality "show." The voters will surely respond best to the candidate who seems to be himself and not a creature of the polls' messages. Carter has the advantage here but is not using it, and that is depressing seven weeks before Election Day.

MIA: The Heartless Ploy

A revealing and quite repellent phrase appears in the diplomatic exchange of notes that the United States has been having this year with the government of Vietnam. In a letter to the minister of foreign affairs of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in March, Secretary of State Kissinger expressed this country's "willingness to look to the future in its relationships with Vietnam." And in July another State Department note spoke of our government's intention to "look to the future rather than the past as far as its relations with Vietnam are concerned."

Inasmuch as the United States has again announced that it will veto the application of the now-unified Vietnam for admission to the United Nations, it is worth examining what lies back of this odd turn of phrase. In the first place, if ever there was a case where past is prologue it is that of the United States and Vietnam. It is fantastic to suppose that we, or they, can forget the whole miserable past there and start from scratch. The signs of our fatal presence in that country are everywhere visible, not least in the chemically destroyed forests and the bomb craters that pock that desolated land. (The U.N., recognizing the nature of this year's Presidential campaign, has realistically, if rather insultingly, put off the vote on this until after November 2, though there is no sign that the current U.S. position would change after the election.)

Kissinger is also asking Vietnam to forget the promises he and Nixon made in order to get the "peace is at hand" agreement of October 1972. Have *we* forgotten that when the peace that was "at hand" flew into the bush Nixon and Kissinger chose the Christmas bombing as their device to get the Vietnamese back to the conference table?

Part of the promise-package of 1972, of course, was a huge amount of economic aid to ravaged Vietnam for its reconstruction. The sum the United States conditionally committed itself to in those negotiations to end the war, we are told, amounted to $3.25 billion, which had to be increased as a result of the destruction we rained on North Vietnam that Christmas season.

The United States has since reneged on that promise, Kissinger and Ford contending that the whole agreement of January 1973 is null and void because the North then invaded the South, where it brought that dreadful war to an end in victory last year. That is why our government is so busy looking to "the future" and has shoved the past down the memory hole. The Nixon-Ford-Kissinger government remains locked in a posture of rigid hostility toward a country we so carelessly violated. But all this is not the excuse they proposed to use this year to deny Vietnam admission to the United Nations. It is very much worse.

The current excuse is that the Vietnamese Government has failed to give a proper accounting of the American men missing in action in that long war—the famous MIAs. The MIA issue has been distorting our politics for some time now. The fact is, according to the Pentagon, that we have no information about some 800 MIAs; approximately 1,700 others are "missing," but there is enough evidence on their fates for them to be officially presumed dead. Those numbers, students of the matter contend, are not at all unusual for a war of that kind. Painful as the uncertainty about the fate of their relatives must be to the families involved, it is probable that it will be impossible ever to know what happened to many of these men in those jungles. The Vietnamese claim, with reason,that their own MIAs number in the thousands, not hundreds.

But the handling of the MIA question in this country has always been heavily tinged with politics of a debased kind. It has become a right-wing cause, with the implication that the Vietnamese Communists may be still keeping some of these men prisoners, or that they know that these men are dead and are callously concealing the information. It is never asked why they would have an interest in such a policy, because the question is self-answering—there is no reason.

The President has called the Vietnamese "brutal" and "callous" for not accounting for every last American victim of the war, and right now. That is what he told his representative to the U.N. to give as our reason for rejecting Vietnam once again, and William Scranton loyally stood up and said, "politics played no part in the decision." Most regrettably, in the heat of the Presidential campaign, Governor Carter has gone along with this deceptive nonsense.

MIA has become a touchstone for patriotism and a shibboleth of the most idly destructive kind. It would be much better, more honest, and less cruel to the families of the missing men if politicians laid this nasty issue to rest, admitting that some of those lost bodies never will be laid to rest, as has happened in all wars.

Having done that, admitting the sadness and errors of the past, we could then look to the future and recognize that 30 million Vietnamese also inhabit this earth.

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Moscow Beckons

Nikita Khrushchev, that provocative kidder, once quipped: "We'll bury you," but a news release recently from Welton Becket and Associates, architects and engineers, suggests rather that the Russians, not seeing any convenient way to lick us, have decided to join us.

The subject of the release is a $190-million World Trade Center, "to accommodate international businessmen in Moscow," for which ground has been broken on the Moscow River. Welton Becket has a subcontract with Occidental Petroleum, Los Angeles, to develop the design for the "megastructure." And Occidental, of which Dr. Armand Hammer is chairman, has a contract with V/O Pronmashimport, a Soviet foreign trade association, to provide technical assistance.

"Incorporated in the trade center," says the release, "will be a glass-enclosed, nine-story hotel atrium with four glass elevators; a 2,000-seat congress hall in a convention center; a 500-seat theatre/cinema; two 300-seat restaurants; a health club, a computer center, and underground parking for 600 cars." A photograph of a model of the structure came with the text: it looks rather like a Holiday Inn in the year 1990.

Welton Becket's description of what they have in mind makes it seem that a visit to the banks of the Moscow River in the not distant future will be a psychedelic trip: "Distinctive plantings at the four major building entrances will reflect the nature of the activities within: a warm, informal feeling at the entrance to the residential hotel; a festive atmosphere at the hotel's main entrance forecourt; and a ceremonial experience in a plaza at the office building entrance and trade center's 'theme entrance.'" That's expecting a lot from plantings, however distinctive, but there will also be a split-level mall, with terraced skylights and "colorful banners," to persuade the conferees that, Communist or capitalist, the world is a corporation brotherhood riding high in a glass elevator. It's a comforting notion, in a dismaying sort of way.

Tension at the *Times*

One does not need to penetrate the mysteries of newspaper management to know that something out of the ordinary happened at *The New York Times* the other day. It came to light in a one-sentence letter to the *Times*, signed by the editor of that newspaper's editorial page, John B. Oakes. Oakes wrote that he disagreed with the *Times*' editorial endorsing Daniel Patrick Moynihan for the Democratic nomination for the Senate in New York; the endorsement had been run the previous day on the page for which he is responsible.

Thus, Oakes refused to associate himself with his paper's policy, and one can only guess at what this stand may cost him in terms of influence on his newspaper. It clearly took courage of an unusual sort. As for the management of the *Times*, it at least had the professional decency to print its editor's dissent from the establishment opinion.

Moynihan won by a very narrow margin over Rep. Bella Abzug, and New York's voters will now have a choice between Buckley, the declared reactionary, and Moynihan, the undeclared one.

GOVERNOR CARTER'S RELIGION

MORRIS B. ABRAM

One of the earliest political memories of my Georgia childhood is the reaction of Southern Democrats to their party's nomination of Al Smith for the Presidency. His Catholicism unleashed an epidemic of Protestant paranoia. And then there were his derby, his accent, the mannerisms which stamped him as the archetypical city boy —and, God save us, New York City at that. Today, forty-eight years later, I sense a similar stereotypic view of Jimmy Carter by some Northern Democrats. The man's personal faith is causing alarm, as are his drawl and unrepentant rural ways.

I am sure that those who grew up on the sidewalks of New York, Newark or Philadelphia and shared the culture and environment which formed Al Smith were amazed and amused by the suspicions he evoked down on the farm. I experienced somewhat the same reaction (reversing the geographic misunderstanding) following a conversation I had recently at a gathering of Washington, D.C. intellectuals at which I spoke for Carter. At the close of the meeting, one came up to me, breathing fire:

"Did you read what Carter is quoted as having said in *The New York Times* about conscientious objection?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I agree with him."

"Well, I don't and he frightens me."

"Why?"

"Well, he said that it was all right to violate the law if the law went against God's command, provided you are willing to pay the penalty."

"So, what's wrong with that? It was Martin Luther King's position and it's my own."

"But Carter spoke of God's commands. What if God commanded him to some irrational, disastrous act?"

It was clear that he did not—or would not—understand that, to a Southern Baptist, conscience speaks for God and that Jimmy Carter is a rational man who would not claim communication with voices. I tried to translate: "I think Carter has stated what I believe would have been Thomas Jefferson's position. But Jefferson would have spoken of the supremacy of the natural law in terms of 'the commands of nature and of nature's God.'"

Southern Catholics and Jews, as well as other Protestant denominations, are not in the least uncomfortable with Carter's way of communicating religious beliefs that differ from their own. We recognize the dramatic expressiveness and hyperbole integral to Southern religious exhortations. That is not to say that we question the depth of the faith, but we have learned to sprinkle salt on the adjectives and metaphysics.

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I also wonder how many of those who shudder at the evangelical aspect of Carter's faith are ascribing to him rigid fundamentalist beliefs to which he has no professed commitment. I doubt that many Northerners fully understand that the Baptist Church to which Jimmy Carter belongs is a different and far less fundamentalist sect than the Primitive or "hard shell" Baptist. Compared to the Primitive Baptists I have known and often respected, Carter's practices and beliefs are moderate.

On the Sunday after his nomination, Carter taught his Sunday School class in Plains, Ga. It was reported in *The New York Times* and I am certain that no reader of that paper realized how uncommon it was for a Baptist layman to quote Paul Tillich, the pillar of modern Protestant intellectualism, as Carter did in that lesson: "Religion is a search—when we quit searching, we lose our religion, we become proud and self-satisfied, we anoint ourselves." Never, in all my years in south Georgia, did I hear Dr. Tillich's name or words invoked before a Baptist group.

Growing up Jewish in south Georgia, I absorbed my share of cruel and scarring words. There were times when I felt threatened, but the source of my fears was not the Southern Baptists, who were committed to a government divorced from religious coercion. Government and religion, they felt, maintained perfect equilibrium in a state of wary coexistence. Their sole instrument for changing attitudes was the vigorous use of the First Amendment through verbal and written persuasion.

Some were truly evangelical—in the sense that Carter is not—in that they felt that Jews, or I in particular, should embrace Christianity as the natural chain of religious development foretold in the Old Testament. Admittedly, they made me uncomfortable, not so much by their exhortations as by their view of me as a prized relic. On the other hand, I sensed puzzlement rather than anger when they found me incapable of seeing the dazzling light.

In such conversations I never felt the need to moderate my views for fear of stronger measures or any form of retribution against me or my family. It was healthy give and take. I fashioned my arguments after Clarence Darrow at the Scopes trial and they allowed me every right to be wrong.

For forty-four years I lived among the Southern Baptists. My maverick status did not deter them from inviting me to speak from their pulpits. I learned the rhythms of their hymns, their folkways and, most important, the true meaning at the core of their sometimes excessively metaphysical language.

I know that "born again" refers to the kind of spiritual awakening that is part of every Western religion. I know that "twice born" connotes no obstetric miracle but is the sum of physical delivery and the birth of the true spirit. I know that Jews, as the chosen people, are particularly valued as converts, but, as in my own case, accepted and respected on their own terms. And I also know that sophisticated Baptists have long since given up their "missionary work" among Jews. Based on this knowledge and my personal experience, I cannot imagine any adverse effects for our nation resulting from Carter's religious faith. Beyond that I trust Jimmy Carter as a compassionate Christian and as a rational, understanding man.

Carter is committed to his religion because he feels it gives him inner strength and a conscience which impels him toward morally valid judgments and decisions. Who among us does not feel similarly about his or her religion or personal philosophy?

Too many people who should know better have seized on Carter's "up front" religion as a rationale for suspecting a man whose vocabulary, culture and demeanor are alien to them.

I am reminded of a classic Jewish story which, as do all tales of this genre, speaks to the pitfalls of narrow judgments through gentle self-depreciation:

A Jew and a Catholic, who were good friends, were discussing each other's religion. The Jew prodded the Catholic: "How can you believe all those miracles? Raising a person from the dead; walking on water."

The Catholic replied: "How about you—with Moses parting the Red Sea and Joshua making the sun stand still."

"Well," answered the Jew, "facts are facts!"

THE CHILDREN OF CHAIRMAN MAO

DAVID MILTON & NANCY DALL MILTON

Since the death of Mao Tse-tung on September 9, scores of eulogies, analyses, biographies and appreciations have been published in the world's press. What follows is an account, by David Milton and Nancy Dall Milton, of what the Chinese people were being told about the life of their leader in a Red Guard wall newspaper during the days of the "Cultural Revolution," Mao's last attempt to shape his country and its revolution.

The Miltons taught at the Peking First Foreign Languages Institute between 1964 and 1969 (our passage is excerpted from their book, The Wind Will Not Subside; *Pantheon Books, 1976). One day they were told by Chinese colleagues that an interesting* ta-tzu-pao *(wall newspaper) on Mao's life and struggles had been posted on the outside wall of the student dining room.*

We stopped by the bulletin boards and "clothes lines" to read some of the controversy concerning the Institute, then we moved on to a huge, multi-paged poster which covered two adjoining walls. There were perhaps twenty people reading in the cold shadow of the walls, but they made room for a few more. We did our best to take notes with gloved hands as our friends began to read. According to the *ta-tzu-pao*, a group of Peking Red Guards had

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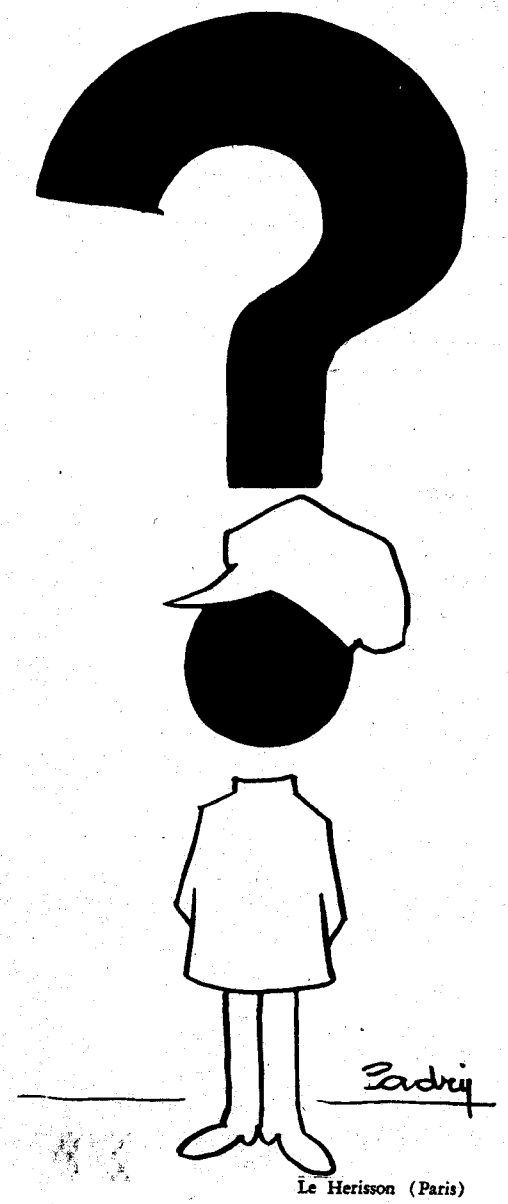
traveled to the region of Hunan Province, where relatives of Mao and his first wife, Yang K'ai-hui, still lived. They had asked them about the early lives of these legendary figures and brought their story back to the universities of Peking.

The story began with the young Mao Tse-tung's relationship with his Hunan Normal School professor, Yang Ch'ang-chi. Professor Yang, although a particularly distinguished scholar, was not unlike a number of intellectuals teaching in Hunan in the period between the 1911 Revolution and the May 4 Movement of 1919. Educated first in the Chinese classics, he had then studied in both Japan and Europe, and was thus well acquainted with both Western and Chinese thought. Like other progressive scholars, he was seeking the answer to China's dilemma. He reportedly said that if he could but find and train two great Chinese leaders, he would have made his contribution to saving China. One of the students he found was a serious young man of peasant background named Mao Tse-tung, who was soon included in the Sunday lunch and study group, where the professor discussed philosophy and the problems of the time with his best students. One of the other members of the group was Yang's daughter, Yang K'ai-hui.

Yang Ch'ang-chi believed not only in training the minds of his students but their bodies as well; for he foresaw, at least in the abstract, the tests to which these political leaders would be put. So it was under his influence that Mao took daily morning baths in icy well water, tramped for days through the countryside eating the simple food he bought from the peasants, and studied his lessons in the din of the marketplace in order to train his powers of concentration. When the Yang family moved to Peking, Yang Ch'ang-chi's best student followed. While Mao was working in the library of Peking University, his old professor died. The young Mao helped the family collect money for the funeral and remained close to them during their period of bereavement. Therefore, it came as no surprise when he and Yang K'ai-hui announced their intent to marry.

Theirs was very much a modern marriage, a love match, not a traditional arranged marriage. Marriage was a subject of passionate interest to all young Chinese intellectuals of the period. Some of Mao's earliest political essays published in Hunan were written on the "woman question" and its inseparability from the tragedy of the arranged marriage. His marriage to Yang K'ai-hui is sometimes referred to as his second marriage, because as a young boy, his parents had arranged a marriage in traditional peasant fashion with a girl a number of years older than he. The marriage was never consummated, however, for in one of his youthful rebellions, the young Mao Tse-tung ran away from home and threatened never to return if his parents did not call off the marriage. They did.

Soon after their marriage, Mao and Yang K'ai-hui returned to Hunan. During this period, Mao organized workers' schools while serving as principal of a primary school attached to the Hunan Normal School, his alma mater, and did the pioneer organization of the peasants' associations. Yang K'ai-hui did political work alongside him, particularly among women. Sons were born. The *ta-tzu-pao* told of three. The official story in the precisely replicated model of the young family's Changsha home mentions two. When, several years later, we visited that home, the pictures on the wall and the careful account came alive for us from the popularized stories of the Cultural Revolution. The photographs were startlingly roman-



Le Herisson (Paris)

After Mao

tic, the couple movingly handsome. Within only a few years, Mao, photographed as a gowned intellectual with hair to his shoulders, would be in the mountains of Chingkangshan organizing his peasant army. From the very beginning, there was a price on his head. Yang K'ai-hui, at home in Hunan struggling to care for the children and continue the work she and her husband had begun, was given no peace. Finally taken prisoner by the Kuomintang in 1929, she was tortured, while her older son was forced to watch, and at last beheaded.

The rest of the *ta-tzu-pao*'s story was of the children. The aunt who took them under her care was constantly

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threatened by the authorities. Other relatives told her she was mad to take responsibility for children who would bring nothing but tragedy to those connected with them. She held on to them tenaciously, however, and continued to protect them until she was contacted by representatives of the underground Communist Party. They told her to deliver the children to a secret meeting place in Shanghai, where they would be taken to a school for the children of the young revolution's cadres. The connections were safely made, the children placed in the protection of the school, and it seemed that the years of agony for the small boys were ended at last. But the political fury of the times permitted them only a slight respite. The school was discovered by the Kuomintang, violently broken up, and the children, according to the story of the *ta-tzu-pao*, "driven into the streets."

It is here that the story of the youngest child ends. According to the account the Red Guards brought back to Peking, he was smuggled out of the city and left with a peasant family. In later years, after decades of war and revolution, that family, like thousands of other families, had disappeared from the face of China. Perhaps this accounts for the discrepancy between the official story of Mao's children and the verbal stories of the Cultural Revolution. The youngest child's existence seems to have been incorporated into popular legend, for we remember hearing somewhere that he had finally been discovered, a man in his 40s, working obscurely as a commune accountant. But this, too, may be apocryphal. The two older boys lived on the streets of Shanghai, begging, like thousands of the abandoned children of that fearsome city. At some point, they found refuge in a deserted temple, where they posted a sign saying, "We tell stories—one penny." Finally, they sold newspapers. It was during this period that one of them was said to have posted an anti-imperialist slogan on a lamp post and was beaten by a policeman. He suffered brain damage from which he never recovered.

When the two boys were finally found by the underground Party, they were sent to the Soviet Union, the older one to school and the younger to be hospitalized. It was in this world that they spent the long years of China's revolution. After the victory of 1949, the older son returned to China and to his father. He was, of course, fluent in Russian and became a translator; but it was only a short time before the new China was fighting a war in Korea. Mao's older son volunteered and was killed there. The younger son, who had long been institutionalized, was finally judged well enough to come home and live a quiet life with the aunt who had cared for him as a young child. But, just as the plans were complete, the aunt died, and her nephew suffered another mental breakdown. The story ends here. It is no doubt in reference to this son that P'eng Teh-huai's personal attacks upon Mao at the Lushan Conference included insults about his mad son.

Even when read in the lengthening shadows of an autumn afternoon from ragged poster paper on a brick wall, the story was enormously affecting, and the mood of the readers became increasingly somber as they moved from one sheet of the text to the next. Mao's role in relationship to the Chinese people could have been characterized in a number of ways: as revolutionary hero, philosopher-king, emperor-poet, or Buddha. But the tales of his personal tragedies had not been a part of the popular body of legend and story. In contrast to the cult of personality and his role as the "red sun," the cultural revolutionaries' search for their own history, embodied as they saw it in Mao, brought to the people a thousand such personal stories and anecdotes. His tragedies were the tragedies suffered in one way or another by millions of Chinese families through the decades of war, and the young Chinese of the peaceful post-1949 period now associated themselves with this individual and national suffering: "Every revolution must make sacrifices," the *ta-tzu-pao* said. It was the making of sacrifices for which the Chairman told them their generation now must also prepare. □

SERVANTS OF THE POWER CLUB

THE HENRY KISSINGER MODEL

ROGER MORRIS

> I am beginning to be intolerant of reformers. . . . I am beginning to be nauseated by men of good will. We are dealing here with a failure to make connections. The failure to make connections is complicity. . . .
>
> —E.L. Doctorow, *The Book of Daniel*

There is a mawkish quality about the public image of Henry Kissinger in this twilight of his autocracy in American foreign policy. Journalists found him suddenly a poignant figure at the Republican convention, unappreciated by the vulgar majority in his own party, scorned though eventually to be imitated by the Democratic opposition. From awesome celebrity and occasional villainy, he seemed to be passing into the waiting reaches of elder statesmanship, where outrage would be dulled, the rabble stilled, and a kind of automatic vindication given when the next administration turns out to do pretty much the same things.

It is, of course, the stuff of columns in *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post,* and the predictable "end-of-an-era" features in *Time* and *Newsweek.* And after

Roger Morris served on the staff of the National Security Council under Henry Kissinger. He is the author of the forthcoming Uncertain Greatness: Henry Kissinger and American Foreign Policy, *to be published by Harper & Row in 1977.*

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eight years in which foreign policy has remained the most dangerous and least democratic province of government —after a record including unrepentant lying, much savagery, some gentlemanly racism here and there and a pervasive contempt for the public—we do not seem noticeably nearer an understanding (or is it simply an admission?) of why any of it happened.

Compared to domestic politics, foreign policy is still conducted amid an extraordinary public ignorance and apathy. Even after Vietnam there remain vast obstacles of class and geography. Though decisions in foreign relations increasingly touch every part of the country and strike with mounting force at lower-income consumers, no issue short of a national draft seems to engage more than a relative handful of political society. Even those who care are still too new at it to be effective. Politicians continue to approach the subject with a native wonder. Critics for the most part have yet to discover that our diplomacy is the same sordid play of bureaucratic habit and special interests we recognized long ago in domestic policy.

Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

But perhaps the worst of our evasions is the refusal to see the sheer relevance of the *kind* of people, like Henry Kissinger, who run foreign policy—who and what they are, the ethic they represent, their rendition of the national interest and of the democratic system they are supposed to serve. No less and often more than other politics, how we are governed in our international affairs traces to a sociology of power and knowledge in America. If Kissinger has largely manipulated a secretive, corporate and reactionary foreign policy, if his successors promise more of the same, we have no excuse to be puzzled, or maybe even to cry foul. In many ways it has been as natural as J.P. Morgan trying to turn a profit. To pretend otherwise is, to cite Doctorow's very apt passage quoted at the head of this article, one of those complicitous failures "to make connections."

Who was he after all—that much slighter, pre-legend Kissinger called to power by Richard Nixon? His career from immigrant to Harvard to the West Basement of the White House was later described by an admiring biographer as a "testimonial to American possibilities." And so it was in a sense. But they were "possibilities" of a particular kind, and scarcely as representative as the "American" suggests. What most marked Kissinger among other German Jewish refugees of the 1930s, and even among other successful scholars of similar modest origins, was his swift intimacy with the parochial power and wealth of the New York-centered establishment that governed U.S. foreign policy after World War II. There were and remain subtle, decisive differences between Kissinger and the lawyers and businessmen of the Council on Foreign Relations, that club of the Stimsons, the McCloys, the Lovetts, and later the Rusks and the Bundys. As an accented academic in that largely patrician company he was in real ways a lower caste, hired help for the publications list. Not least, he was far brighter, shrewder and more learned than most of them, and even politely contemptuous of their relative mediocrity between the lines of the books he wrote under their valuable patronage. But in a larger sense, his and their approaches to politics and foreign policy would be indistinguishable.

Henry Kissinger made his way up—and in turn was shaped by—a stolid little universe in which the national interest resides ultimately in the economic congenialities of the status quo, and making foreign policy is nearly the divine right of the certified Establishment, uninterrupted by Congress or an ignorant public. The common currency in that world is the manorial influence that moved both national policy and the fortunes of young professors who played the game—the arrangements, the subsidies, the favorable publicity flowing around the "serious" men of the club. None of it was quite that explicit, to be sure. Kissinger the scholar never delved into secondary, already settled issues like economics, or the constitutional basis of foreign policy, or the deeper anatomy of the governing elite, though he fully sensed its incestuous incompetence. His books generally went on to matters of international tactics, bureaucratic strategies and intellectual preparation—all important, some brilliantly formulated, none reaching beyond the insider's congenital presumption that foreign policy is largely immune from the distractions of the democratic process.

There were, however, fascinating glimpses in Kissinger's writing of his view of the domestic side of foreign policy, a portent more candid in its anti-democratic tone than his like-minded peers have given before or since. The "acid test" of policy, he wrote in a passage later much quoted, was "its ability to obtain domestic support." But that condition was not meant to suggest some unseemly give and take between policy makers and the country at large. For Kissinger, the "statesman" and the public inhabited utterly different worlds, the former with his vision and skill arrayed against the complexities of diplo-

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macy, the latter with its "parochial version" of justice and legitimacy ever short of understanding the messy business of international relations. The only answer was for the statesman to be an "educator" as well as diplomat, the *noblesse oblige* of the boys at the Council on Foreign Relations. Yet while he is bringing along his benighted countrymen and exerting his own superior vision—a tricky balance that leaves the statesman sometimes a "prophet without honor" or even a martyr—he should never be stabbed in the back by internal dissent. Societies require, Kissinger wrote in typically ponderous prose, "sufficient cohesion so that policy could be conducted with the certainty conferred by the conviction that domestic disputes were essentially technical and confined to achieving an agreed goal." It is that "essentially technical" that tends to rule out enterprises like the Pike or Church committees, the Freedom of Information Act, or a Congressional prohibition on the bombing of North Vietnam. This obviously is only a tiny fragment of Kissinger's views on the subject, but it portrays tellingly the narrow elitist spirit inherent in the man and in his later governance. Throughout Kissinger's published work, it is the almost mythic "statesman" who alone sees the proper course, must somehow make his way through the bureaucratic swamp, somehow elude the stupidity of his fellow citizens, and achieve the "stability" that has been the rightful order of things, whether in 19th-century Vienna, post-1945 Europe, or midtown Manhattan in the 1950s and 1960s. If the Establishment's constituency was itself, Kissinger's statesman was accountable in the end only to "history." It was a cloak of authority that allowed him ultimately to flout and betray the very domestic support he was supposed to need.

When Kissinger did taste live politics beyond the ritual savagery of the Harvard faculty, there was little to alter this seignorial attitude toward public policy. His early practical experience with elections was as Nelson Rockefeller's well-cushioned adviser, grinding out careful speeches and statements for mass consumption, but doing it all from the same insulated world in which he had lived and taught. So when he encountered American politics in the raw, when he felt the elemental roars of the Goldwater galleries at the Cow Palace in 1964, he would somberly and ignorantly mistake the regional revolt against the money and political failure of Eastern Republicanism as a species of "fascism"—without pausing to reflect on what one might call the combine of corporate power, personal ambition and elitism represented in his own candidate or his own politics. His response was to go on playing the game, navigating the discreet avenues of power and prestige for the next try in 1968. And though when it came he lost again, he was in position, almost without competition, for the call from Nixon, who accurately saw Kissinger as a cut above and slightly apart from the old, mainly Democratic, club, albeit still with the same comfortable devotion to executive control in foreign affairs.

If one had looked closely at that background—which the press declined to do, then or later—what followed Kissinger's appointment was, in too many respects, predictable. The naked loyalty he strained to demonstrate among his squalid colleagues at the White House, the ceaseless guile toward and manipulation of the press and co-opted members of Congress, the sometimes maudlin, sometimes vicious attacks on what he called the "desertion of the Establishment" as the war went on, the natural, almost casual resort to wiretaps with his famous promise to J. Edgar Hoover to "destroy" the leakers, the later ethical indifference to Watergate, and the stubborn repetition of the old practiced deceits in places like Cyprus, Iran, Chile, Angola—all of these were logical enough when the "statesman" answers to his own higher calling, and when that, after all, is the way things are done in the system, the way power stays where it belongs, or at least where it has been in Henry Kissinger's world.

Now, though the going has become rougher than ever before, there is still the prospect of becoming *the* eminence of the club in a lucrative retirement of memoirs, assorted sinecures arranged by grateful patrons like Rockefeller, and sooner or later a quiet call for advice from the struggling incumbent in the White House. Like McCloy or Acheson before him, he can expect to place a man occasionally in high office, or keep one out, sway a confused administration or Congressional committee, always find an appreciative sponsor for his views in prestigious magazines and newspapers. But all of it will be nicely encoded in the language we use to describe our foreign policy issues—terms like executive privilege, credibility, public trust, or the latest bubbles: isolationism and national will. What will be lost (what some certainly hope will be lost) is any awareness of the real foreign policy, not as a distant, exotic process of impersonal issues, but rather as the product of limited men and interests—a product to be changed *only* by changing those men and interests.

The war in Vietnam is only one count of the intellectual and ethical indictment against the foreign policy establishment. It becomes important to understand Kissinger's regime because he has been, much more effectively than any of his predecessors, a skilled artisan of the methods and deeper prejudices of the elite. Both his gifts and his flaws have been in that sense outsized. The secrecy, the ingratiation, the resistance to reform have all been clearer in this one extraordinary man because he was to begin with a more formidable personality than the run-of-the-mill practitioners. But getting the connection between Kissinger's world, the foreign policy elite, and the policies of the last eight years is hardly an academic exercise. Waiting in the wings, whether under Carter or Ford, are depressingly similar men.

Consider only briefly, for example, the two names most prominently mentioned for the foreign policy succession in a Carter Presidency—New York lawyer Cyrus Vance and Columbia professor Zbigniew Brzezinski. Vance is a veritable caricature of the men Kissinger used to lecture to with faint distaste around those polished tables at the Council: Kent School, Yale, Yale Law, then a stint under the right powers on a Senate committee or two before 1960; early jobs in the Pentagon under Kennedy, deputy to McNamara from 1964-67, when he was a

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major actor in many of the worst and the most deceptive decisions of the war; deputy negotiator at the first abortive rounds of the Paris talks; prescribed retirement to corporate boards and to Manhattan law practice when Richard Nixon came in; early contact with the Carter forces, and thus now heir apparent to the State Department.

Brzezinski's career, again a cartoon of its kind, is a close but much less intellectually accomplished copy of Kissinger's: ambitious academic at Harvard in the early 1960s, when he wrote, with the vogue, pugnaciously about Soviet affairs, he was exiled to Columbia when he missed tenure in Cambridge, but took quick compensation by throwing himself, as Kissinger had a decade earlier, into the academic legion of the Establishment at the Council and elsewhere. A young man clearly on the make for public office some day, Brzezinski in 1966-68 got a short stint on the State Department policy planning council, where he discreetly avoided any open opposition to the war. After more patient years of jockeying—once more, the parallel to Kissinger after 1964 is striking—he enlisted with David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission in 1973. This creature of European, Japanese and U.S. multinationals designed to address common issues (that is, issues common to the aforementioned multinationals) was the forum at which Brzezinski came in frequent contact with Carter.

Vance and Brzezinski are perhaps too classic examples of the largely unnoticed men who advance rank by rank in the private politics of status until they burst upon the country to run its foreign affairs, and decide how much the rest of us can be told about the mysteries of it all. But there they are, by all accounts the front runners to succeed Kissinger in a *new* regime. Vance is characteristically silent about his views, just as Dean Rusk was silent sixteen years ago. Brzezinski has written a number of unimpressive books which reveal even less of his policy views than Henry Kissinger's scholarship showed of his.

The point is not that such men are forever incapable of administering an open, democratic foreign policy, but we are stretching the odds beyond good sense not to presume the worst. If we can anywhere see policy and politics as the product of how men think and what has moved their lives, if we can rule out, or at least closely question, the employment in domestic affairs of agency heads with a demonstrated flaw in their approach —say an administrator of EPA who comes from a giant polluting corporation—we can make those same "connections" in foreign policy: the connection between a closed elite greased by big money and power and a foreign policy which cloaks its power from the public; the connection between men who have spent their adult lives seeing the world from some relatively affluent organizational haven and a foreign policy which does not understand the new dynamics of resource politics among poor nations, or the still-mounting force of social revolution in Latin America; the connection between the politics we live with and profit from at home and a foreign policy that so frequently betrays our stated ideals abroad.

The connections are not made, one suspects, because those who must make them, if they are to have any public impact—national journalists and the more prominent academics in the field—may have too much to lose themselves. For in all its self-promotion and myopia and contempt for the public, the foreign policy elite is not so different from the other guilds that share morsels of power in modern America. Who knows, if such genteel featherbedding and real incompetence began to be questioned, where it might all stop? Best to leave well enough alone at the core. Best to let the reformers tinker with the worst abuses on the record, and best to let Henry retire to subjects of grand strategy. That is what Doctorow had in mind with the word "complicity." □

Jesse Helms—They Come No Worse

MARK PINSKY

Durham, N.C.

This being the year of the Southern politician, it is not surprising that so much of the press reporting from Kansas City on the Republican National Convention focused on North Carolina's Sen. Jesse Helms.

Notwithstanding the propensity of the media—like the military—to overcompensate in current campaigns for mistakes made in earlier primaries, the attention paid my state's senior Senator is fully justified. After all, he's good copy. And he did win a reprieve for Ronald Reagan this spring by engineering the former California Governor's upset victory in the North Carolina primary, after three defeats in a row. At the convention he was deeply involved in the abortive move to nominate Sen. James Buckley and in subsequent platform battles, ultimately serving as a Reagan floor leader. He had been prominently mentioned as a candidate for President or for Vice President on a conservative third party ticket should President Ford have chosen a liberal running mate.

But Jesse Helms is nothing like his Democratic neighbor, Governor Carter, from across the Smokies. He is not, as he has been portrayed in the press, either the canny conscience of the conservatives or an ironclad, uncompromising right-wing ideologue. Helms is a pompous, pious, unreconstructed racist, a politician of infinitely flexible principles, a rabid opponent of organized labor, a doctrinaire anti-Zionist with the separate and distinct aroma of an anti-Semite. If there is an "Old South" hack left anywhere in this region, or if there

Mark Pinsky is a free-lance writer based in Durham, N.C.

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is an ugly side to the much heralded "New South," it is embodied in Jesse Helms. And when you get right down to it, this total gullibility on the part of Northern reporters in the case of the emergence of Helms is as insulting as their oversight in the case of the rise of Carter.

Before running for the Senate in 1972, Jesse Helms exercised the kind of influence—in scope and sentiment—in North Carolina that William Loeb does in New Hampshire. As vice president and on-camera editorialist for WRAL-TV, a powerful ABC affiliate in Raleigh, his commentaries were aired five nights a week and syndicated to seventy radio stations affiliated with the Tobacco Network (now the North Carolina News Network) and reprinted in more than fifty weekly newspapers. Throughout the 1960s, a difficult time for North Carolina, as for many Southern states, Helms was pervasive and negative, providing an outlet for insistent intolerance and respectable racism. (At the height of the civil rights movement WRAL-TV signed off with *Dixie* rather than *The Star-Spangled Banner*, which today follows *Dixie* at sign off.) It was on this wave of bile, accumulated over a decade and cresting in 1972, that Jesse Helms rode into the U.S. Senate.

Helms is today perched so far out on the right wing of the Republican Party that his Senate voting record makes Roman Hruska look like George McGovern—with whom, for convoluted reasons soon to be made clear, Helms himself often votes. Almost any member of the Senate who calls himself a conservative can be against abortion, busing, better relations with Cuba, raising the national debt ceiling, extension of the Voting Rights Act, expansion of the food stamp program, legal aid, a consumer protection agency and strip mining legislation. In fact, a dozen members of that body have 100 per cent ratings from the National Chamber of Commerce, and ten with a zero rating from the ADA. But it takes a certain kind of conservative, one of two in the upper House to be rated "staunch conservative" by the Coors-sponsored Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, and the only one rated a "superstar" by the Young Americans for Freedom, to vote:

¶ against confirmation of Nixon appointee Peter Brennan as Secretary of Labor because someone who had "trained himself in an adversary relationship" [i.e., in organized labor] ought not to serve in that position, and against Ford nominee William Usery for the same post for the same reason;

¶ against confirmation of Henry Kissinger as Secretary of State because he was too liberal, and against the confirmation of George Bush to head the CIA for the same reason;

¶ against military aid to pro-Western Angola factions because it was part of a no-win, "negotiated-settlement" strategy;

¶ against aid to Vietnamese refugees because such an appropriation would further unbalance the budget.

Each of these "against" votes represents an area of larger concern to the Senator. On the matter of organized labor, Helms is something of a fanatic. In addition to his votes against Brennan and Usery (he didn't say whether by the same logic a businessman ought to be disqualified from serving as Secretary of Commerce), he voted to deny strikers food stamp benefits, against extension to them of unemployment compensation, and he led two filibusters in opposition to the common site picketing bill. Outside the Senate, he mailed a fund appeal for Americans Against Union Control of Government (on official U.S. Senate stationery, but at his own cost) and wrote the foreword for Ralph de Toledano's *Let Our Cities Burn*, a blast at municipal unions. As a result of this record, George Meany barred Helms from a dinner honoring Alexander Solzhenitsyn (whom the Senator seemed to be nominating in Kansas City), despite the fact that Helms sponsored honorary U.S. citizenship for the Russian novelist, publicly urged President Ford (as a slap at Kissinger) to invite him to the White House and was one of five Senators who generally championed Solzhenitsyn's plight.

Africa—particularly southern Africa—is another favorite interest of Senator Helms. This spring a member of his staff led a delegation of Congressional aides to South Africa and his office on Capitol Hill is considered the headquarters for lobbyists eager to promote closer relations between the United States and South Africa. On the matter of the economic boycott of Rhodesia, opposition to which is an article of faith among most conservatives, Helms is consistently right wing, with the curious (and politically self-serving) exception of the importation of Rhodesian tobacco. Closer to home, most North Carolina blacks still remember his virulently racist television attacks against civil rights demonstrators in the 1960s.

The vote against Kissinger is likewise indicative of a special Helms preoccupation. Ever since he was on television there have been persistent charges that he is anti-Semitic (especially after his attack on the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith) and anti-Zionist. Following the Kissinger vote, these charges emerged again in a Raleigh, N.C. newspaper, which accused Helms of opposing Kissinger for Secretary of State because of his German Jewish background. The Senator was also responsible for holding up the Treasury Department appointment of Kissinger's protégé, Helmut Sonnenfeldt, whose background is the same as Kissinger's. In Senate votes, he has opposed every single major military and political bill in support of Israel. Helms dismisses the charges of anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism as "fiction," and some of his defenders maintain that his opposition to Kissinger and Sonnenfeldt stems rather from the fact that they are foreign-born, and thus a manifestation of his native know-nothingism rather than anti-Semitism.

Medicine is another area of Senator Helms's supposed expertise. He told a group of tobacco growers that there was still "reasonable doubt about the role of smoking in causing diseases," and at another gathering criticized references to "unnecessary surgery" on the television series *Medical Story*. On the matter of national health insurance, however, the Senator has no doubts. This winter he warned doctors that "political ideologues, organs of the liberal establishment press and Washington bureau-

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crats are attempting to destroy the system of free enterprise medicine in America."

"Gentlemen," the Senator solemnly intoned, "this is war, a war that must not be lost because if we lose it, we're going to lose the best medical system in the world." Helms made no mention of the fact that an American Medical Association group (MEDPAC) was one of the largest single contributors to his 1972 Senatorial campaign.

Of these many varied interests and specialties, journalism is perhaps the single area wherein the Senator is certifiably expert. He spent more than half of his life in the profession, working his way up on the print side from printer's devil to editor, and in broadcasting from radio newsman to executive and editorialist. In the four years he has served in the Senate he has attacked the television networks for "many instances of deliberate bias" (notably the "absolutely contrived" coverage "in the South when the civil rights uproar was at its height"), called shield laws for journalists "a bunch of baloney," and criticized the Newspaper Guild's endorsement of impeachment, saying it "raised the gravest questions of bias." A bitter-end defender of Richard Nixon ("tried and convicted in the media"), Spiro Agnew and former Sen. Edward Gurney (for whom he was a character witness), Helms since coming to Washington has carried on an intense feud with his hometown newspapers, the *Raleigh News & Observer* and the *Raleigh Times*, for both of which he once worked. Speaking to a Raleigh Chamber of Commerce dinner, he cited "the devastating role the large daily newspapers and television networks have played in brainwashing the American people into accepting the destruction of their free enterprise system."

When Helms was elected to the Senate he resigned his position with Capitol Broadcasting (WRAL-TV, WRAL-FM and the North Carolina News Network), put his stock in the company (of which Earl Butz is also a stockholder) in trust and turned over his on-camera editorial duties to his campaign press secretary. Since then there have been repeated complaints as to the Senator's accessibility to certain members of the press. All his pontificating about the media backfired when—partially as a result of this criticism—one of his staff offered answers taped by the Senator to various questions mailed in from journalists around the state. "The questions will be supplied with each tape," the aide wrote in a cover letter, "so that your newsman can appear to be doing the actual questioning." After the Association of Radio and Television News Directors of the Carolinas denounced the plan as "improper and unethical," it was withdrawn.

The issue of concern to the national media, now that Jesse Helms has been discovered, is that of his party loyalty. He has already run for office as a Democrat (Raleigh City Council) and Republican (U.S. Senate), recently boasting to an Associated Press interviewer that "I don't consider myself as a Republican or Democratic Senator." Before his active involvement in the Reagan effort, he referred to the GOP as a nearly extinct "dodo bird"; a year ago, told a convention of the Young Americans for Freedom that the conservative third party movement was not only theoretically viable but "like a train waiting at the station to begin."

Since the Kansas City convention, Helms has announced that, if Ford abandons or ignores the Republican platform, he will not support the President, and like Reagan he says he will reassess the viability of a new party after the November election. Meanwhile, Helms is up to his same old dirty tricks, this time admitting a possible violation of federal law by sponsoring and playing host at a campaign fund raiser on Capitol Hill for an aspiring Republican Senatorial candidate from Utah. □

POLITICS OF PREVENTION

SWINE FLU, THE PHANTOM THREAT

HOWARD BERLINER & J. WARREN SALMON

Last February, an Army recruit at Fort Dix, N.J. died of what later was identified as "Swine Flu." Direct evidence by either isolation or serological testing was found for only twelve additional cases. Epidemiologists estimate, however, that there were 500 cases on the Army base. This particular influenza strain did not spread beyond Fort Dix. So-called because of its mode of transmission, Swine Flu was last seen in epidemic form in the United States in 1918-19, when it killed more than half a million Americans, and caused a world toll of 20 million. On March 24, President Ford requested $135 million for "a comprehensive, nationwide influenza immunization program" to vaccinate 215 million Americans over a six-month period. The subsequent extensive press coverage has placed the Swine Flu campaign before the public as a public health issue of national scope.

The campaign is politically significant for the relationship it reveals between disease and social and economic factors; it also demonstrates the ineffectiveness of the health-care delivery system in America when it is called upon to deal with a disease crisis.

Influenza routinely occurs in the United States every year, with great variations of incidence and geographic distribution. It has a history of breaking out in epidemic form every four or five years, and epidemiologists have

Howard Berliner is a doctoral student at The Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health. J. Warren Salmon teaches Community Medicine at Hahnemann Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa. Both are associated with HMO, an interchange group working toward basic structural change in the American health and social system.

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learned to expect it in pandemic (global) form every forty years or so. Thousands have died of influenza in epidemics in the United States over the past twenty years. Although the mortality rate is only about 2 per 100,000, it is much higher for the elderly and for persons with heart disease, chronic broncho-pulmonary diseases, chronic renal failure and diabetes. In the 1918-19 pandemic, the mortality was significantly higher because that strain was especially virulent and because of the material deprivations that followed World War I. Besides food and housing shortages, factors contributing to the influenza mortality and pandemic spread included the extensive use of transportation, high migratory rates and severe social disruption in both Europe and the underdeveloped nations. Further, a great deal of the mortality was from secondary bacterial infections, which today would be treated with antibiotics. In 1918, the American epidemic started at an Army base (Fort Devens, Mass.); therefore, when the recruit died of Swine Flu at Fort Dix, considerable fears were expressed of a similar disaster.

In response to the perceived threat from Fort Dix, Mr. Ford, meeting with public health advisers, announced his campaign to vaccinate every man, woman and child. Congress, which had little choice in the matter, on April 15 passed Public Law 94-266 to implement this decision. Of the $135 million, $100 million was to go to drug firms for the production of the vaccine, $26 million for the delivery program, and the rest to research, quality control and program coordination at the federal level.

A closer examination of the evidence gives scant reason to expect a "Swine Flu" epidemic this year, and even less justification for a mass vaccination campaign. Only one soldier died at Fort Dix from the Influenza Virus A/New Jersey/1976 (Hsw 1N1), the so-called Swine strain. Further, it should be noted that this particular soldier had been certified as ill and under stress, and went on maneuvers against medical advice. Had he stayed in bed, he might not have died. A week later, there had been no further reports of Swine Flu cases but there were cases at Fort Dix of the more common A Victoria strain of influenza. Therefore, the epidemiological conclusion is that this new Swine Flu strain is less prevalent than the more common form of flu since it was succeeded by the latter in a closed population. The low death rate calculated for this Swine Flu (one death per 500 cases) suggests a far less virulent form than the 1918 "killer strain." Since the one death, no confirmed report of Swine Flu has come from anywhere in the world, according to the U.S. Center for Disease Control, and that raises further doubt that a pandemic is likely this year. Finally, the potential effectiveness of influenza vaccines has in the past ranged from 20 per cent to 75 per cent, a rate far lower than that for non-influenza vaccines. Stated another way, it is probable that, should the vaccine be administered, and should the Swine Flu epidemic occur, between 25 per cent and 80 per cent of the vaccinated population would still be susceptible to the disease.

In short, the Swine Flu at Fort Dix was a mild virus; it has not spread to date to other populations; there is little scientific support for the fear that it will become prevalent across the globe, and a nationwide immunization campaign, however "massive," will be only fractionally effective. Most of the above was available to both the scientists and politicians who advised the President. One must ask, therefore: If an epidemic of Swine Flu is so problematical, why rush into one of the largest public health campaigns in U.S. history?

At least since the 1930s, Presidents, reflecting the more interventionist policy of the government, have become associated with certain diseases, whose suppression they hoped to further by enacting legislation or appropriating money for research. One commonly associates Franklin D. Roosevelt with polio, John Kennedy with mental retardation, Lyndon Johnson with heart disease and stroke, and the big push against cancer with Nixon. In this sense, Ford seems to have seized upon the opportunity presented by Swine Flu. Whatever their effect on morbidity and mortality, the billions in the heart and cancer campaigns have served to legitimate the public and private health-care institutional structure. Now Ford wants to give us all a fix against a disease that may not even exist!

Political paternalism and expediency offer immediate clues to understanding the decision to initiate a mass vaccination campaign. It could well be that the President, faced with a tough renomination and election battle, launched this campaign, which will have its main impact right before the November elections, to show the voters that he is not only concerned for their health (especially after all the vetos of HEW appropriations), but also prepared to take drastic steps to protect it. Moreover, Swine Flu is a no-lose effort: if there is an epidemic, Ford is found to be on top of it; and if there isn't, then he acted to be prepared for it. Similar reasoning may explain the quick and virtually unanimous support given by Congress. It is plausible to believe that many legislators saw the Swine Flu campaign earning points for them, come November.

The interests of public health officials may also be examined in this light. The HEW top brass can use the campaign as a "bring-us-together" tactic following all the divisive battles with the state and local governments over the Health Systems Agencies under Public Law 93-641. Public health as an entity has not been in the limelight since the polio campaigns of the mid-1950s, and it has become increasingly difficult to raise money for liberal health programs and research. The fiscal plight of the states has assured continued curtailment of spending by the federal health bureaucracy, except when a "crisis" can be manufactured. A "crisis" in public health historically sets off a chain reaction: the state takes on additional and legitimized police powers; business starts a new wave of investment; the population lines up to accept the "medicine." The Swine Flu campaign seems then like little more than a political gambit for health officials hoping to reopen the federal grants conduit. What better way to reassert the importance of public health!

While the $100 million to the four large drug houses—Richardson-Merrell, Inc.; Merck and Co.; Wyeth Laboratories, Division of American Home Products Corp., and Parke-Davis and Co., a subsidiary of Warner-Lambert

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Co.—is the bulk of the appropriation, these firms are accustomed to a higher margin of profit than the campaign, at least as of now, will provide (profit margins for second quarter 1976 ranged up to 17.6 per cent for one of the firms). Not being purely economic, their involvement may be due more to pressure from the government, public relations and anticipation of future events, perhaps more flu epidemics.

For the firms' benefit, the Justice Department's antitrust division is looking the other way, thus enabling the manufacturers to cooperate in their testing and distribution. The program represents a windfall to physicians who will be able to charge for administering the vaccinations (but not for the vaccine itself) if given in their office. Physicians will be denied the liability coverage by the federal government if they so charge, but having one's patients come in for a visit may be an occasion for collecting the "usual and customary fee" for a brief examination. Even chicken farmers have gained from an enormous sale of the fertilized eggs in which the vaccine is cultivated.

Given the insights we have gained into government decision making from the Nixon tapes, it is not hard to imagine both White House and HEW planners seizing upon the Swine Flu campaign with little anticipation of the problems that might crop up. It was not long after its announcement that the campaign began to falter, as it became increasingly probable that the prospects for a flu epidemic were slight. Debates by public health experts grew hotter, and early enthusiasts for the campaign began to withdraw their support (e.g., Albert Sabin of the polio campaign fame, *The New York Times,* et al.) The drug laboratories got a late start in producing the vaccine, and one company turned out several million doses of the wrong vaccine. The Department of Defense refused to let soldiers be inoculated with the products of the other companies because of potential adverse reactions. Programs that were begun to study dosage amounts and side effects had trouble attracting enough volunteers for their experiments. It has been proposed that booster shots may have to be given to children, since one vaccination may not be sufficient. The pandemic threat, which had been raised to get the initial legislation passed, brought requests from other countries for a share of the vaccine. Diplomatic difficulties arose when it appeared that this scarce resource may be allocated along the lines of Kissinger's food policy. The Advertising Council, which was to create publicity for the campaign, dropped out. Late in July, critiques of the efficacy of the campaign emerged in foreign scientific circles, mostly in Great Britain. Meanwhile, the wide journalistic airing of this confusion slowly led many people to question whether they would show up for vaccination. Amid all this, the pig farmers got front-page attention for loud protests that their animals were being slandered!

However, the most important setback for the campaign had been the refusal by the drug firms to sell the vaccine to the government without some form of federal liability coverage. Their product-liability insurers would not extend coverage to the vaccine, since they feared a flood of suits either from people who suffered severe side effects from the vaccine or from the surviving relatives of those who took the vaccine and still died of the flu. The American Insurance Association predicted countless suits costing billions of dollars to defend. The insurance companies, therefore, suggested that the federal government underwrite the program, and it did so, although offering insurance protection to manufacturers in case of claims against their drugs may have far-reaching consequences. Before long, the state may be pressured to insure other industries against the malfunction of their products.

On another level, the delivery program developed problems. It is estimated that the cost to a local health department for administering the vaccine could run as high as 60¢ per shot, while the proposed federal allocation provides only about 13¢ per shot. Local health departments all across the country are facing cutbacks in both money and staff, and how they are to handle the vaccination campaign is not clear. Since no money was authorized to hire additional staff, it is assumed that personnel will be transferred from other programs such as venereal disease, lead-paint poisoning, rat control, etc. If that becomes necessary the effect will be felt in predictable and substantial increases in cases of V.D., rat bites, etc. Further, just the paperwork of records and consent forms will probably swamp health departments. Obtaining and paying for added supplies out of the small federal subsidy is another problem (alcohol, acetone, cotton balls, needles and syringes, injector guns are required). The local health departments will need to recruit volunteers from among civic and community groups—many of whom are now less than enthusiastic, given their doubts about the necessity of the program and fears of its adverse effects. Even with this large externalization of costs, the federal government may have total outlays for the entire program as high as $250 million, including the Public Health Service salaries and additional Medicare and Medicaid expenditures to physicians. In all, the ability of our health system to deliver a preventive program, even of this crash type, is vastly insufficient.

Beset by this array of problems, HEW officials, according to *The Wall Street Journal,* "privately pray for a little touch of the Swine Flu this fall to motivate Americans, without producing panic." HEW's prayers apparently got through, for in July a mysterious epidemic killed twenty-six people who had attended an American Legion Convention in Philadelphia, and put more than 175 people in hospital. For several days, federal and state investigators left open the possibility that this illness might be Swine Flu. There was no evidence to this effect, but the suggestion lasted long enough to induce Congress to pass a bill relieving the vaccine manufacturers of their liability, thus breaking the deadlock with the insurance companies.

The Swine Flu insurance bill makes the federal government responsible for defending any lawsuit arising from the proposed nationwide immunization program. It authorizes persons claiming injury from the inoculation to sue the government, which may then sue the vaccine maker, distributor, or other allegedly negligent parties.

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It has become an accepted "joke" in American society that when a physician cannot find the cause of an ailment, the patient is told it is a "flu" or a "bug that's been going around." That essentially is what happened in Philadelphia, although the deaths and threat of an epidemic took the humor out of the situation. It should be clear, though, that the commotion over "Legion Disease" was the result of its timing. Had the convention been held during the winter there is little doubt that doctors would have unhesitatingly diagnosed it as flu, and had it been national rather than statewide, the diffusion of cases would have rendered comparisons and medical communication unlikely. In this case, the atypical occurrence of a respiratory ailment during the summer and the geographical charting of cases puzzled and intrigued the profession. After weeks spent trying to identify a bacterial or viral cause for the mystery disease, epidemiologists finally began to look for environmental toxins, probably originating from the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, the convention site. Given our chemically saturated environment—organophosphates, chlorinated hydrocarbons, heavy metals, kepone, dioxin, etc.—a toxin should have been suspected from the start. What is most interesting from a social standpoint is the existence of other mysterious "mini-epidemics" revealed in the wake of the "Legion Disease" situation—ninety-five people suffering from a "flu-like" disease in Pontiac, Mich. in 1968 (it disappeared when the air conditioning system of the building where it originated was cleaned out); the outbreak of "pneumonia" at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C. in 1965; three unsolved deaths at an Odd Fellows Convention in Philadelphia in 1974, etc. Could it be that these were also caused by environmental toxins rather than viruses or bacteria? Given the peculiar circumstances under which "Legion Disease" occurred, how many other epidemics and outbreaks fail to be identified because they happen at the right time and place to be diagnosed as flu? If a "bug," a natural event, can be blamed, it masks the social relationships surrounding the illness. Furthermore, the dismissal of a disease as an unforeseen and unpreventable incident stifles potential political action against a capitalist economic structure, where the root of the pathology may exist.

The Swine Flu campaign is politically significant because it reveals how public health programs in our society are shaped and shape themselves. In addition to the organizational problems of the state and the health-care delivery system, the orientation of the campaign—administering vaccines—just keeps people from understanding the relationship of disease to the larger social structure. It also provides a technological excuse if the vaccine does not work well and bolsters the technological approach if it does. Despite the fact that epidemiological evidence does not justify massive vaccination, the Swine Flu campaign continues to be pushed as a "solution" to a health and health-care problem.

By far the more useful way to control the disease lies in augmenting the immunological defenses of the body through better nutrition, reduced physical and mental stress, secure living conditions and adequate income and housing—in combination with an effective vaccine and a mass campaign to deliver it. But a vaccine alone, however effective, is a palliative, not a cure. □

THE SOCIALIST WORKERS

SQUARE TARGET OF THE FBI

WALTER SCHNEIR AND MIRIAM SCHNEIR

In 1973, a year after the arrest of the Watergate burglars, the Socialist Workers Party charged that illegal acts perpetrated against Democrats had been dealt in spades against them. "We have been 'Watergated' for at least twenty-five years," a party official declared.

Attorney Leonard Boudin, fresh from his victory as chief counsel for Daniel Ellsberg, announced the filing of a multimillion-dollar civil suit seeking damages from the FBI and other government agencies. During three years of pretrial legal sparring, the litigation has drawn blood: the FBI has been forced to relinquish thousands of pages from its secret files, disclosing that the bureau did indeed conduct a long-term campaign designed to destroy the Socialist Workers Party (SWP) through repeated interrogations of members and their families, electronic surveillance, mail covers, forged poison-pen letters, secret informers, and scores of burglaries of SWP offices and private residences. Noam Chomsky, who has seen the documents, has commented: "In comparison with these revelations, the whole Watergate affair was a tea party."

Consequently, Boudin and his co-counsel, Herbert Jordan, are radiating optimism about their suit, scheduled to come to trial early next year in New York City before federal Judge Thomas P. Griesa. In addition to $37 million in damages, the SWP is asking a permanent injunction against government harassment. With the FBI in the defendant's dock and important constitutional issues at stake, the case is certain to be a legal landmark.

Meanwhile, the suit is drawing attention to an interesting political phenomenon of the 1970s: the survival and revivification—despite the FBI's best efforts—of one of

Walter Schneir is co-author, with Miriam Schneir, of a study of the Rosenberg-Sobell case, Invitation to an Inquest *(Penguin). He is working on a history of the American middle class. Miriam Schneir edited* Feminism: The Essential Historical Writings *(Vintage). She is at present at work on a two-volume history of women in colonial America, to be published by Random House.*

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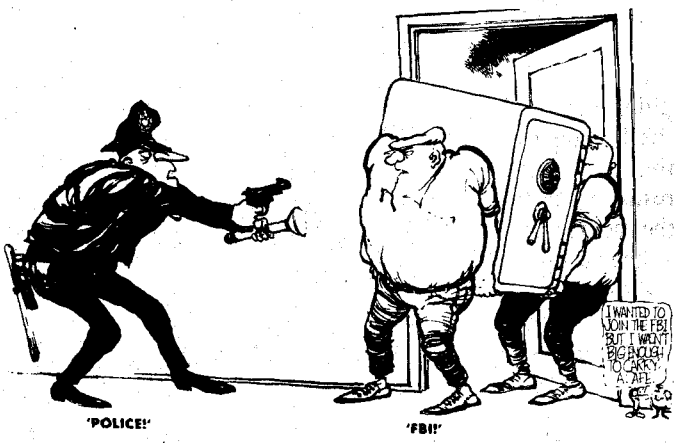
America's radical Left Marxist parties. Born out of the bitter clashes between Stalinists and Trotskyists that rent world communism in the 1920s and 1930s, wounded almost mortally by the Smith Act convictions of its entire leadership in the 1940s and the McCarthyism of the 1950s, the Socialist Workers Party re-emerged during the turbulent 1960s with a new, young, vigorous and confident membership.

Today, three-fourths of the members of this party of the "old" Left are 30 and under. Not only were most of them born long after the Great Depression, few are old enough to remember World War II. Politically, they are children of the cold war, the civil rights struggle, the Cuban Revolution, the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the new wave of feminism and, most of all, the war in Vietnam. While unaware until recently of the sordid details of the FBI's tactics, the party has long assumed that repressive measures were being used against it. The response of the membership has been a policy of alertness with no disabling paranoia.

Assessing the strength of the SWP by the number of its members—nearly 1,500 in the party itself and about 1,000 in the closely related Young Socialist Alliance—can be misleading. Membership in this cadre-type party is not at all a casual matter; it represents a deep personal commitment. The constitution of the SWP mandates democratic control of its governing bodies and party democracy is a fundamental principle. But once a decision is reached, it is "binding upon members." Socialist Workers agree to submit to party discipline.

People who join the SWP are expected to devote considerable time to political tasks, including sale of the 25,000-circulation party weekly, the *Militant*. In addition to dues of $2 a month, members who can do so contribute a substantial part of their incomes (often 10 per cent to 20 per cent) to the party—one old-timer calls it "our tithe." Those who work full time for the party accept a subsistence salary of $70 to $80 a week or less. Moreover, although the party eschews any rules regarding the life styles or sexual preferences of members (both straights and gays are welcome), it does impose some rules about what ordinarily are personal matters: a member who wishes to change residence must apply to his or her branch for permission; use of illegal drugs, including marijuana, is flatly forbidden—though the party favors legalization of pot. The SWP is clearly a way of life and those who enter it believe profoundly in its mission, which is stated succinctly in the SWP constitution: "The purpose of the Party shall be to educate and organize the working class for the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of a Workers Government to achieve socialism."

The party's national headquarters in New York City, located on the downtown waterfront at 410 West Street, is a solid 5-story former marine repair shop that has been completely refurbished by volunteer SWP labor. Seventy-year-old SWP theoretician George Novack, who



Oliphant, The Denver Post

remembers the party when it could barely afford one telephone, notes with pride: "We have an infrastructure for a party of about 100,000."

A visit to the headquarters reveals that Novack is not exaggerating. It is a hive of activity staffed by about 120 persons (most of them paid employees) and has ample space for far more. By comparison, at the height of its strength in the late 1960s, Students for a Democratic Society, the organizational heart of the New Left, had a debt-ridden national headquarters consisting of a single floor of dilapidated offices run by ten-to-fifteen overworked and overwhelmed individuals.

The atmosphere at Socialist Workers headquarters is cheerful but businesslike. The many offices are equipped with electric typewriters, calculators, mimeograph machines. A late-model Xerox copier hums in a hallway. Walls of offices are not adorned with the kind of poster art that prevailed in the 1960s, when flamboyant designs and harsh, angry slogans sometimes hinted at future armed struggle. Instead, SWP posters are plain, common-sense drawings (a style detractors term "lowest common denominator" art) with didactic messages on specific problems: "Billions for Jobs, Not the Pentagon;" "Ratify E.R.A.;" "Desegregate the Schools." All also include an additional appeal: "Vote Socialist Workers. Peter Camejo for President, Willie Mae Reid for Vice President."

In the large, busy election campaign office, union coordinator Ed Heisler, a lanky Midwesterner, explains how he became a radical. He was, he says, a Kennedy supporter who was "turned on by the Cuban Revolution" and joined the SWP in Milwaukee in 1960, after graduation from high school. A railroad worker for the past ten years, he has been an active unionist and has fought for the right of railroad workers to vote on their contracts.

Jean Savage, national press secretary for the 1976 campaign, is from California; her route into the party was through her involvement in the anti-war movement as a student at Berkeley. The national campaign is said to have already distributed well over a million items, including leaflets, posters and buttons. SWP campaign offices throughout the country have produced a similar quantity of material for local candidates.

The SWP has been running Presidential and other candidates since 1948 and in recent years has offered as

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many as eighty or ninety candidates for local, state and federal offices in every election. In 1972, their Presidential ticket polled nearly 100,000 votes in twenty-three states and the District of Columbia; in 1974, 440,000 people voted for Socialist Workers candidates in ten states. SWP now stands first in votes received among all political parties of the American Left. This year, it hopes to be on the ballot in thirty states.

Other large offices in the building house the national headquarters of the Young Socialist Alliance (said to have about ninety chapters of mostly college and some high school youth) and its monthly 24-page newspaper, *Young Socialist*; the weekly 48-page theoretical journal, *Intercontinental Press*; and two publishing firms, Pathfinder Press and Monad Press. The latest catalogue of the two presses lists 110 books and ninety-six pamphlets —nearly all printed in the building. The editorial office of the *Militant*, a 28-page weekly tabloid, and its 12-page monthly supplement, *The International Socialist Review*, are also located in the building.

The Political Rights Defense Fund (PRDF), organized to support and publicize the suit against the FBI, has its office in the headquarters. About $250,000 has been raised and spent thus far on the suit—none of it party money. PRDF sponsors are mostly people whose political perspectives differ from those of the SWP, including Eugene McCarthy, Arthur Miller, Henry Steele Commager and Gloria Steinem. Much of what is now known about the FBI's secret counterintelligence program against dissident groups (Cointelpro) was learned from documents released as a result of the suit and made public by the PRDF. A book based on these documents, *Cointelpro: The FBI's Secret War on Political Freedom* (Vintage), has just been published.

Occupying the top floor of SWP headquarters is the Library of Social History, a small but distinctive collection of 20th-century radical literature. Librarian Barbara West, whose involvement with the women's movement led her to join the SWP in 1971, says she found the party the only nonsexist socialist organization she could relate to—"and I investigated them all."

Jack Newfield, in his study of the New Left, *A Prophetic Minority*, published in 1966, complained about the then rapidly growing Students for a Democratic Society: "There is an appalling anti-intellectualism among the newer SDS members." Socialist Workers Party members, on the other hand, have an abiding faith in the Word. About one-third of those employed in the headquarters building work in the print shop on strikingly modern equipment—paid for, in part, with donations from several wealthy students recruited into the party during the anti-war movement.

A few blocks from the party headquarters is the apartment of national party secretary Jack Barnes and *Militant* editor Mary-Alice Waters. Barnes, 36, the son of politically conservative working-class parents (his father was an Ohio rubber worker, his mother a nurse) went to college on a scholarship. "Actually, I didn't have any radical ideas when I went away. I was a Republican, if I was anything.

"I think there were two turning points. One was the 1959 steel strike. I decided the union was right. I was in the library and I saw a magazine that had something on the steel strike on the front. It was *Monthly Review*. I picked it up and read the article. They had an article in there on Cuba and I read that too. And I said to a friend, 'I think I am a Marxist.' "

Barnes, an economics major, was so excited by his discovery that he later hitchhiked to New York to meet *Monthly Review* editor Paul Sweezy. With a Ford Foundation grant, he went to Cuba to study economic planning and agrarian reform. "I was sympathetic from my reading, but I was no organized radical of any kind. I was won by the Cuban Revolution."

As party secretary, Barnes is responsible for the general political direction of SWP. That direction is now undergoing substantial change, based on the central conclusion reached last year by the party's national convention: ". . . the economic motor forces that produced the relative prosperity of the past decades are becoming more and more exhausted. . . . For the first time since the Great Depression, working people as a whole are feeling the crunch." Barnes reported to his colleagues: "We are at the beginning of the radicalization of the American working class." The party, he said, would be recruiting more workers, blacks, Puerto Ricans, women and young people.

These goals point up present strengths and weaknesses of SWP. For while the party has many young people and 40 per cent of its members are women, fewer than one member in three is a trade unionist and the number of blacks is barely 6 per cent. The reality—which the party is working hard to change—is that SWP today consists overwhelmingly of young white Americans who were the student protesters of the 1960s.

As the Socialist Workers Party attempts to win the support of those who are "feeling the crunch," it also is engaged in a continuing competition with other Left groups for radical leadership in the 1970s and beyond. The major opponent, of course, is the Communist Party which, one SWP leader confirmed, "has deeper roots than we do in several sectors of the black and labor movements." Members of the Communist Party (about 5,000 in the view of most outside observers; about 18,000 according to the party itself) tend to be far older than the Socialist Workers—spokesman Arnold Johnson estimates an average age of "about 40 or 50."

The Communist Party's youth affiliate, Young Workers Liberation League, claims about 3,000 members, more than one-third of them black. However, the league has been plagued by high turnover and dues delinquency. Some members have complained that, rather than the creation of a socialist vanguard, the league's objective is to "mobilize masses of youth" whose key task will be the fight to make U.S.-Soviet détente "irreversible." The primary prerequisite for league membership is to be "honest and sincere," whereas SWP's youth group, Young Socialist Alliance, is an avowedly Socialist organization.

An array of Maoist factions are also political opponents of SWP. All attempts by the newspaper formerly

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closest to them, the *Guardian*, to promote unity were unsuccessful, leading some to dub the *Guardian* "a political tendency in search of a party." The *Guardian*'s view of the Socialist Workers Party was contained in a series of articles titled "'Left in Form, Right in Essence."

In a category by themselves are several smaller Trotskyist groups; the Socialist Labor Party, a sturdy relic that follows the political gospel of Daniel De Leon; the eclectic New American Movement; the Weather Underground; various local groups attempting to build a new Communist party, including the Philadelphia Workers Organizing Committee; and the recently formed National Interim Committee for a Mass Party of the People.

At the right end of the socialist political spectrum are the Socialist Party; Social Democrats, U.S.A.; and Michael Harrington's Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee (with about 1,600 dues-paying members). The latter two pursue their goals through the Democratic Party.

Aside from members of these mutually antagonistic Left organizations, there is an amorphous body of unaffiliated American radicals probably numbering in the hundreds of thousands or millions, many of whom still consider themselves New Left—an appellation difficult to define, since the ideas of those who use it encompass elements of Marxism, anarchism, feminism, pacifism and Populism. In the upcoming election these radicals will be courted in many states not only by the SWP but also by candidates of the Communist Party, Socialist Labor Party and Socialist Party.

The competition between the pro-Soviet American Communist Party and the Trotskyist SWP has deep historical roots. In 1929, when Leon Trotsky was banished from the Soviet Union, the few American Communists who defended Trotsky's ideas were promptly expelled from their party, including James P. Cannon. Cannon, a feisty, sharp-tongued Kansan who could describe some of his own early followers as unbearable "windbags," began a lifelong political struggle (he died two years ago) with the Communist Party, during which he and others founded the Socialist Workers Party.

All this was a long time ago, but the Socialist Workers revere their political ancestors and about half of the books on the current Pathfinder and Monad lists are by Trotsky, Cannon, Farrell Dobbs, or other early party mentors. Probably the only two remaining SWP members who actually knew Trotsky are George Novack and his wife, the feminist author Evelyn Reed. In the late 1930s, Reed went to Mexico and worked in the Trotsky household, where she was recruited into the party by Trotsky himself. "He kissed me on both cheeks and said, 'Our party has many members and some are good and some not so good. I think you will be one of the good ones.'" Soon thereafter, Trotsky was murdered by an agent of Stalin. Today in semi-retirement, Novack is well satisfied with the young people who have assumed SWP leadership. They are, he says, following Trotsky's advice to combine Russian Bolshevism with American efficiency. He adds, with obvious pleasure, "They are the apple of our eye."

HAVE YOU THOUGHT

Of giving a Nation gift subscription to a friend? A subscription is an especially meaningful gift for a young person away at school, or to anyone you feel would benefit from the news and reviews published in The Nation.

Larry Seigle, 31, managing editor of the *Militant*, recalls that in the early 1960s "some of the young radicals went toward SDS, rejecting anyone who was over 30, the past, starting all over again. And others went to roots that were still vital." Seigle was attending college near Minneapolis, the scene of a great Teamsters strike led by Trotskyists, and some of the veterans of that struggle had tenaciously held the party together during the days of the Smith Act trials and McCarthyism. "If you were on campus then and you wanted to know what had happened in this country and what the movement was all about it was a wonderful thing to be able to go out and spend an evening talking to these people, talking to [Vincent] Ray Dunne, an ex-lumberjack who had been a Wobbly and a C.P. member before becoming a Trotskyist; he was a living continuity of the revolutionary movement. It made all the difference."

Seigle and others who joined the Socialist Workers in the 1960s believed that the past contained lessons that they could absorb and apply. They regarded the actions of many SDSers, Yippies, pacifists, Black Panthers and other radicals as pragmatic and impulsive. They themselves followed well-trodden paths. To influence large numbers of people they used their time-tested tactic, the united front, whereby members join various mass organizations whose limited objectives they share. Those unfriendly to the tactic call it "infiltrating." A variation is the creation of a single-issue organization by a coalition of otherwise politically diverse groups. During the antiwar movement, the united front coalition was a resounding success in helping to mobilize millions of demonstrators, but it also engendered political hostilities on the Left that persist to this day.

As the SWP saw the coalition, its central purpose was to organize the greatest possible public opposition to the war, not to create a new political entity. It therefore strongly opposed the attempts by other organizations in the coalition to include additional issues—such as racism and economic injustice—in the protests. It also opposed any acts that might frighten away or antagonize people, and so refused to support many of the most militant and most publicized anti-war actions, particularly those acts involving civil disobedience—such as draft card burning and the demonstrations at the Pentagon and Chicago.

Thus, Michael Harrington, himself a social democrat, comments with barbed humor: "The SWP behaved in the peace movement like perfect social democrats. For all their professed Bolshevism, tactically they were for reaching out and working with liberals, they were against violence, they were against provocations of the cops—

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they behaved exactly the way I would have behaved."

Some leaders of the coalition, however, were not amused by what they regarded as SWP's rigid and parochial attitudes. In *More Power Than We Know,* radical pacifist Dave Dellinger recounts one episode that occurred at the time of the Cambodian invasion in May 1970, when SWP marshals, "to their shame," helped to discourage and disperse demonstrators staging a nonviolent sit-down on the streets and sidewalks near the White House.

Now an editor of a new magazine, *Seven Days,* which describes itself as an "opposition" newsweekly, Dellinger observed recently: "The SWP people were hard-working and efficient. They also lacked total openness with their comrades, which was the best hope for the New Left. They used to come to meetings with hidden agendas and with people who would never identify themselves as SWP but who were under SWP discipline. Their major aim always seemed to be to build their own organization.

"I think that one of the problems in the country today —the heritage of the anti-war movement—is that there is no organization or organizing center to give expression to all those millions of people who have lost faith in the way things are. The SWP, unfortunately, played a role in that failure of anything to develop because they kept insisting on limiting things to the single issue of the Vietnam War. They constantly fought against broadening the movement and making it multi-issue. They wanted people to move step by step into the SWP instead of into a strong organization that was not under their control."

Carl Oglesby, a president of SDS whom Jack Newfield has called the "archetypal New Leftist," worked with members of the SWP and YSA in the anti-Vietnamese War coalition. "I found them decent people," he recalls, "serious about their politics, able to make sacrifices and stay in for the long haul. I admire those virtues in people. But over and over again I got exasperated at the other side of the coin, which was an inability to act, an inability to be bold and impetuous and crazy—which was important in the development of an alternative base in the culture.

"Our attitude toward the Trotskyists was frequently one of irritation at their political stance. It seemed to us that their politics was always so fearful. They were always interested in the mass-line approach. I agreed with them generally but I thought that their foot-dragging at certain moments kept us from being militant when we should have been. I remember associating YSA with milquetoast radicalism that constantly put theory before reality."

Reminded gently that SDS is now but a faint memory whereas the Socialist Workers Party is alive and well, Oglesby responded: "Well, I've got to give them credit for that—they were able to endure. I think many of the shortcomings of SWP and YSA were, in another perspective, strengths. Their terrific caution, their insistence on institutional tightness, these characteristics made it difficult for them to respond spontaneously in the 1960s—when spontaneity was crucial. But they also enabled them to endure the 1960s, where others of us got knocked off."

Whatever criticisms SDS had of the Socialist Workers were more than reciprocated. Fred Halstead, an SWP leader active in the anti-war coalition, admired one of Oglesby's speeches at a 1965 Washington demonstration so much that he described it as "a work of art," but a visit to SDS's national office in Chicago the following year left him in a state of shock. Halstead wrote afterwards: "Fastidiousness is not one of my strong points, but I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw it. There wasn't a desk in the place where you could find space to put down an ordinary piece of paper to take notes. Desks and tables were piled high with . . . inky used stencils, filing folders with their contents spilling out. . . . There was a large rack for trays of mail-address plates, but some of the trays had not been replaced. They were on the desks, stacked on top of typewriters, on the floor, some of them spilled out and loose plates scattered around. Most painful of all were the disorganized heaps of unopened mail, some of it on the floor with footprints ground into it. . . . Some of it was weeks old. . . .

"I had some differences with SDS before that, of course, but from that night on I had a hard time taking that outfit seriously. No matter how bright or bold their projects might be they would never be effectively organized without a little respect for ordinary work and for the tools of the trade."

In spite of the "milquetoast" reputation of the Socialist Workers among some anti-war activists of the 1960s, the FBI nevertheless contended during pretrial skirmishes in the current lawsuit that the plaintiffs—SWP and YSA —are potentially violent. But district court Judge Thomas P. Griesa did not accept this argument. He stated: "I have asked the government to come forward with any indication whatever of violent revolutionary activity or any other illegal activity carried out by the YSA or the SWP, and the government has come forward with absolutely nothing."

Back in October 1961, when the FBI inaugurated a program against the SWP, it was the party's political activities, not any alleged potential for violence, that supplied the bureau's obvious motive. A secret memo from J. Edgar Hoover, baldly titled "SWP Disruption Program," pointed out that the party had been "openly espousing its line on a local and national basis through running candidates for public office" and "supporting such causes as Castro's Cuba and integration problems . . . in the South."

The final report of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence (the Church committee) concluded that "intelligence activities have undermined the constitutional rights of citizens" and intelligence agencies have collected "vast amounts of information" about "a vast number of American citizens and domestic organizations." SWP and YSA are the focal point of current revelations only because they launched the first lawsuit. The Communist Party, black liberation groups, New Left student radicals, white hate groups, and the women's liberation movement all received equal or greater attention.

Some students of the FBI's Cointel program have suggested that the current revelations may be only the tip of

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the iceberg. FBI documents released this year have proved the bureau's complicity in schemes that led to violence, including the murders of two Black Panther Party members in Chicago by Cook County police. *New York Times* reporters John Crewdson and Nicholas Horrock, citing "law enforcement sources," have stated recently that the tactics used within the past five years by FBI agents against American leftists have included car burnings, physical assaults and kidnappings. This very summer SWP offices in Denver were robbed by a man paid $400 a month by the FBI as an informer, despite the bureau's knowledge of his earlier arrest for the burglary of seven Denver homes. It remains to be seen how much further this excursion into the nether world of American politics may yet take us.

Meanwhile, at SWP headquarters the mood is one of quiet satisfaction as literature for candidates Camejo and Reid pours from the printing presses and out across the country. Party officials are predicting that their 1976 election drive will be the biggest campaign for socialism since the heydays of Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas. As for the future of the Socialist Workers and other parties of the Left, it will be determined far more by the state of the American economy and the relevance of their programs than by dirty tricks, counterintelligence, or any other combination of police-state techniques. □

ALGERIAN DIARY / Judith Kumin

Monday: This morning I set out to look for airmail envelopes and a pair of tweezers, but the reply everywhere was "*makash*" (all out). In the first half-dozen shops I tried I was told that tweezers had been *makash* for about two months now. A thorough search yielded a worn cardboard carton containing a good thousand pairs of tweezers in a Parfumerie on Algiers' main shopping street, the rue Didouche Mourad, which most Algerians still call by its French name, rue Michelet. I wasn't as lucky in my effort to find envelopes and finally pasted together a few of my own.

A week ago, it was *makash* potatoes, and before that, eggs. Both flood the marketplaces now. Driving anywhere in the countryside you pass children sitting with wicker baskets between their knees from which they hold up eggs or potatoes and give you a big grin as you go by. On the way from Algiers to the coastal town of Tipasa this afternoon there were crowds around the shops in Bou Ismaïl, generally a sign that something good, or rare, is for sale. Today it was red onions, and shoppers were filling their *couffains* (straw shopping baskets) with them. There were apples, too, but expensive, and zucchini.

In Bou Ismaïl, as in most sizable towns, there are a number of Mozabite shopkeepers. People say that the Mozabites have replaced the Jews in commercial life here. The Mozabites are indeed more aggressive salesmen than the Arabs, and will always try to sell you something to substitute for the item they are out of. Their Arab counterparts will simply shrug good-naturedly and say "Eh, *makash*," and return to conversation or, before betting on French horse races was outlawed in mid-March, to their French racing papers. You can spot the Mozabites by their serious look, intensified by the fact that most of them wear glasses.

The Mozabites come from the M'Zab region of the Sahara. The heart of the M'Zab is Ghardaïa, about 600 miles south of Algiers, and the Sub-Prefecture of the Oases Department. Ghardaïa, which stands at the intersection of all roads leading far south, historically was the principal trading center in the northern Sahara—the Mozabite had to trade to survive. He traded in gold dust, ostrich feathers and slaves from the Sudan, mostly in exchange for foodstuffs from the Tell region. It didn't take long for Mozabite traders to move north and set up businesses in and around Algiers. Although they claim to make a very clear distinction between the profane and the sacred, and are considered the most devout Moslems in the country, at the same time they are the butt of jokes, invariably about being close to their money.

But the selection is the same in the Mozabite shops. At this time of year fresh fruits and vegetables means oranges and tangerines and fennel, all in endless quantity and for practically nothing, as well as artichokes, turnips and parsley. In addition, there are the standard items carried by the Galeries Algériennes, the state chain of department stores: canned milk, imported from West Germany, both sweetened and unsweetened, is a big seller. The labels are printed in Arabic only, which virtually no one can read. You tell it is milk by the size of the can; the sweetened variety has a blue strip on the label, the unsweetened one, a red strip. The Algerians mostly still ask for Gloria when buying milk; that is the brand-name of the French milk they used to be exclusively supplied with. In the same fashion, all soap powder is called Omo, though the Algerians now manufacture their own. There is plenty of canned baby food (there are plenty of babies), bottled water, coffee, jam, honey, dried chick peas, cocoa. Also in good supply are cosmetics and various toilet articles, although new toilets themselves are *makash*, discouraging to anyone seeking to install a decent bathroom in a country seriously lacking in them, an unfortunate legacy from the French. There is also very good Algerian wine for sale; it is discretely wrapped in plain brown paper for Moslem purchasers. And there is Coca-Cola, bottled in Algeria. A few days ago a shipment of Corn Flakes came in, mostly stale. While prices are lowest in the Galeries Algériennes, you have to push and shove a lot to get what you want there. Despite their demure-looking veils, the women will do just about anything to get to the front of a line. Shopping here is exhausting, but an exhilarating experience.

Tuesday: Algeria's fledgling tourist industry will undoubtedly suffer this summer from the situation in the ex-Spanish Sahara, and from the accompanying threat of war between Algeria and Morocco. Even so, efforts to attract tourists have been limited, mostly concentrated on the Côte du Sahel, the coastline between Tipasa and Algiers.

Tipasa, 69 kilometers west of Algiers, has an inviting beach and a large expanse of well-preserved Roman ruins which date back to the first century A.D. Walls rise up against the backdrop of the Chenoua Mountains on the far side

Judith Kumin, a staff conference interpreter at the European Economic Community in Brussels, is currently studying law and diplomacy at Tufts University.

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of the bay, and against the blue water itself. It seems to me there is a calmness in the ruins here not found in those at Timgad, more military in spirit, or at Djemila, where one is constantly reminded of the economic activity and prosperity of that town. Just before Tipasa, going west, atop a hill rises the *Tombeau de la Chrétienne*, the tomb of Kbor el Rouma. It looks like a huge stone bonnet and is thought to date from the second century A.D.

The tourist center at Tipasa, like those along the coast going toward Algiers at Zéralda, Moretti and Sidi Jredj, was designed by Fernand Pouillon and is reminiscent of the architecture of the M'Zab and of the Casbah: simple lines, juxtaposition of volumes, almost blind walls. It is ironic that it took a Frenchman to rediscover local architecture and to put it to such good use. (Pouillon also designed the tourist complexes at Ghardaïa, Bou Saada, Biskra, Ouargla and Touggourt.)

Unfortunately, though managed by the Sonatour (the Société Nationale de Tourisme), most of these magnificent tourist complexes suffer from lack of upkeep. Here in my hotel room alone, in Tipasa, the marble desk top is broken, paint is peeling from the ceiling, the toilet seat is missing, there is a leaky pipe. Discouraging in a hotel not five years old. Yet all the centers have enormous potential. The complex at Sidi Fredj with its port full of sailboats and yachts, many registered in Marseille or Palma, its chic shops and huge hotel, is impressive. Here, where the U.S. troops landed on November 8, 1942, there now sprawls a 2,000-seat outdoor theatre (also designed by Pouillon) and a mammoth sanatorium.

Wednesday: In a chemistry lab at the University of Algiers today I got to talking with Nadia, a young Algerian chemist. Twenty-six, three children, a fourth on the way. Her husband is in the army, doing his two years of required military service at a time when the country is being readied for war. Algiers abounds with posters: Solidarity with the Polisario; and newer ones, Long Live the People's Democratic Republic of the Sahara; Fight the Imperialist Moroccan Aggression. Nadia would almost prefer her husband to stay in the army for a while; she has much more freedom with him gone than when he is in Algiers.

Nadia is one of very few Algerian women who have managed to break with tradition, although she does live with her in-laws. In this culture, the husband's mother is queen. Nadia does her mother-in-law's housework and looks after her children when she herself is not at work. Why a fourth child? "I only wanted two," Nadia explains. "And that was okay with my husband, but then the family started in. 'You haven't got any children,' they would say. And when I reminded them that I already had two they would say, 'Two children is no children, two children is a disgrace to the family,' so I had a third and they said 'Three children is no children.' Now there will be another." Nadia especially regrets that once her husband returns she will not be able to visit her European friends at their homes anymore.

She told me the story of her wedding. The young people had never met before they were married, still a common enough situation. The match had been arranged by her parents and it is surprising to me that her husband's parents consented to take a workingwoman as daughter-in-law. After the wedding ceremony itself, at which Nadia was not present, she and her husband were accompanied to their bedroom, the door closed behind them, and the entire family gathered outside to wait for the groom to emerge, victorious, with stained sheets as proof of his wife's virtue. The whole marriage ritual, Nadia says, is designed to prove the husband potent and the wife a virgin.

In general, you only see unveiled women in the neighborhood of the University of Algiers, downtown. Most of the women students are not only unveiled but exceedingly well-dressed. Despite efforts to bring higher education to all classes, students still tend to come from the well-to-do families of Algiers and environs. Many of them buy their clothes in Marseille, a short boat trip away. Algerians can enter France freely just as the French can go to Algeria.

As a rule, though, girls go to school until they are 12 and then are kept at home until they can be married off. The onus of history suggests that they will be liberated only when needed on the labor force, and with unemployment very high in Algeria that is not likely to be soon. Perhaps the Algerians should adopt the Soviet method and ban the veil as was done in Turkestan in 1920? But even that would not solve women's problems here, and it would create major religious ones.

Thursday: I spent the morning walking through El Biar, a suburb of Algiers. The streets are full of idle men. At first I thought they were waiting for something. They look suspiciously like a crowd waiting for the Tour de France bicycle race to pass by. Or at least, I thought, they must be waiting for a bus. But they wait for nothing at all, and soak up the sun. When the weather gets very hot they will move into the shade of a café and drink Fanta and Coca-Cola.

Meanwhile the women are at home scrubbing. This morning as usual there was no water on our floor of the building, because the women downstairs were washing. They turn their faucets on at around 7 A.M. and turn them off in the early evening. They fling pail after pail of water onto the tiled floor. They scrub the insides of their houses endlessly, but many still dump their refuse out the windows.

In El Biar most of the houses strike me as having once been charming villas for the colonialists with palm trees and luxurious vegetation around them. When the French left the Algerians moved into their houses, straight out of the Casbah into a style of habitat totally unadapted to their own cultural experience. Many of the houses are crumbling, in various stages of disrepair, their gardens untended. The streets look dirty even though refuse is collected seven days a week and street sweepers are always at work. Pride in community property seems to be unknown.

Yet Algerian women are very conscientious about washing clothes. Clean clothes hang out of every window. It is particularly striking when you look at a big block of apartments. Even the government has noted this, for there is a poster campaign to combat the custom. The posters show laundry hanging out a window with a sad-faced housewife. The caption reads: "Laundry out all day is a housewife's disgrace." The Algerians also have an incurable tendency to cover up big windows with anything at hand. Traditional Algerian housing is always closed to the outside world, centered around a courtyard. Fernand Pouillon was one of the few modern achitects to recognize this. He designed his *Cités* (housing blocks) with very small windows and balconies with shutters or trellises.

While the women clean, the children are out on the streets or at school. Elementary schools are overcrowded and understaffed, a problem partly due to Algeria's Arabization campaign. Primary schoolchildren are now taught their lessons in Arabic (with French as a foreign language), which is appropriate, but which means that the Ministry of Education can no longer hire the armies of eager young French-speaking European teachers it once had at its disposal. In most schools there are double sessions; children attend classes either

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in the morning or in the afternoon.

As a result, there are always small children in the streets. For the most part they have no toys. The boys play soccer with makeshift balls manufactured from plastic bags, the ones liquid milk comes in, tied up with string. Some play with a real ball, and when it bursts they slice it in half and have two rubber caps to wear. The girls watch the game and look after young brothers and sisters or a flock of sheep. Often children as young as 3 or 4 years tend flocks, which does not tend to polish their manners. When not playing ball they mostly pelt each other with stones, or scratch the finish on parked cars.

Friday: Tizi Ouzou is an urban catastrophe. It should have been seen fifteen years ago. Perhaps it will be worth seeing in fifteen years, but today it is crowded and ugly and dusty. One hundred and three kilometers east of Algiers, the fastest growing town in the country, with a population of 1.2 million, Tizi Ouzou is the capital of Kabylie and a major industrial center. Housing mushrooms at the side of the road in from Algiers; the road itself is being widened and repaved. There are huge trucks everywhere, and bulldozers, and piles of earth. A Belgian city planner, whose firm had been asked to plan for Tizi Ouzou, turned down the offer after one visit to the city.

In my mind's eye, I see Tizi Ouzou as it was, a sleepy, tree-lined town, the last time I was here, five years ago, on a very hot September day. I had stopped off for a cold drink on the way to Algiers from Djemila. Its growth has been monumental and in a way bodes ill for the development of other Algerian towns. I recall stopping for gas then in a Sonatrach station; all hydrocarbons are managed and distributed by the Société Nationale de Transport et de Commercialisation des Hydrocarbures. Before nationalization of oil and gas resources ten years ago the station had been run by Esso, and five years ago the pumps had not been painted over in Sonatrach colors. That has been done everywhere now, and stations abound. They are only very rarely out of gas—the eternal distribution problem.

Driving around Tizi Ouzou today I looked idly for a new Pouillon-designed building, the *Ecole de Hôtellerie et de Tourisme*. No one I asked had heard of it, which is often the case. If you stop to ask someone for directions he will inevitably say, "Tell me what's written on that building over there, and I'll tell you where you are."

I gave up after having continued my search all the way up to Le Beloua, 695 meters above Tizi Ouzou, reached by a narrow, winding road. The hilltop is crowded. There is a Moslem cemetery, more like a park, with stone slabs to mark the graves. The rich have the stone engraved, while the poor cement something onto the stone to recognize the grave by: a blue plastic bowl, or an empty orange-juice can, for instance. Also at the top is a lovely marabout, side by side with a sophisticated television relay station and a monument for those killed in the fight for independence. From the number of retarded or misshapen people I see, I conclude that Le Beloua is a very insular place.

Just past Tizi Ouzou the landscape and the people change. The road runs southwest into the heart of Kabylie, home of the Berbers. It is hilly and green, full of olive trees along a nearly dry riverbed. Men use burros to bring rocks up from the Oued and pile them beside the road to be picked up by a truck and taken to a construction project. The women here are not veiled and wear layers of vividly colored skirts.

The Berbers are a fiercely proud and independent people. They battled with the Arabs after Algeria became a state of its own and though they did not manage to secede, they remain hostile to Arab presence. The Algerian war started here, and the region was hard hit. Farther up, at the highest point in the Djurjura mountain range, there is a sweeping view of Cedar National Park, much of which is said to have been napalmed by the French.

The road leads to the villages of Beni Yenni. They are six tiny villages on mountaintops, and they have the highest population density in rural Algeria. Standing on the road below any one of them at nightfall the sounds of people, children mostly, are loud enough to imitate a crowd at a football game. The villages, intricate constructions that cling to the hillsides, are winding mazes of stone, backs turned on the world, forming an easy-to-defend enclosure with uneven, unpaved streets just wide enough for two pedestrians to pass.

In the two villages I walked through here I saw three schools running on double sessions. There are children everywhere trudging to or from school, satchels in hand. Many are barefoot. The Beni Yenni are not rich, even though in summer they attract tourists who come for the view and the hand-crafted silver jewelry.

The view is especially good from the balcony of the new hotel, L'Auberge des Beni Yenni, built unobtrusively in the local style into the hillside. Its twenty-four rooms are stark white and ultra-modern. The Auberge is run by the Association Touristique de Kabylie, similar to the Sonatour. Food and service at the Auberge are excellent, but it all seems incongruous given the setting.

Saturday: When the women are tired they sit down, legs folded under them, veils around them, like little icebergs. To get to the market at the foot of the Casbah on a Saturday morning you have to step over and around a lot of them. In the market today there was the usual pushing and shoving despite the fact that nothing is for sale except the usual oranges and tangerines. I walked up through the Casbah, through its narrow pedestrian streets which are mostly stairs, avoiding the butchers' row with its unbearable stench. While I wove my way through the crowd I admired the doors with their intricate wood carvings. The population density in the Casbah is the highest in Algeria, and yet there is no feeling of suffocation here. A sense of community, lacking in the newer developments, survives.

To keep the overcrowding of Algiers from worsening, the government decreed that no new housing may be built there. But people flock to the city nonetheless and stay with relatives. At night, mattresses are laid out on the floor, half a dozen to a room, sometimes more. Embassies of many younger countries, mostly of the newly independent African nations, are being set up near the airport at Dar El Beida (formerly Maison Blanche). Many industries have been transferred to Blida, 40 kilometers south of Algiers, the town Gide called a "petite rose" in his *Les Nourritures Terrestres*.

Even with its overcrowding and pollution it is easy to become addicted to Algiers. The Algerians are as hospitable as ever. Their years of combat for independence may have raised their political consciousness but did not engender hate, not even of the French. France is Algeria's main trading partner today, and Algeria plans to be out of the ranks of the developing countries by 1990. It has placed full confidence in industrial development, sometimes to the detriment of agriculture.

Economic independence is on the way, thanks mainly to oil and gas resources, and with it, the old culture is bound to go. The Casbah will become little more than a picture-taking ground for tourists, the women will eventually shed their veils, the Sahara will lose its mystery. I fear that one day, in the not-too-distant future, Algeria will be hardly distinguishable from the countries of Western Europe. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Robert Coles's Fate

THE MIND'S FATE. *By Robert Coles. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 282 pp. $10.*

JOEL KOVEL

The Mind's Fate, claims its dust jacket, "is the first book devoted entirely to psychiatry by Robert Coles." That is stretching it a bit, and as a blurb it misses what makes this collection of reprinted book reviews and occasional pieces interesting. One would not learn much about psychiatry by reading *The Mind's Fate,* but there is a great deal here about Robert Coles and his debate with psychiatry and the intellectual world. The extended meditation on good and evil which forms the core of his work is very much on display in these pages; and if the meditation is directed at psychiatry and psychoanalysis, it is not to add to the content of their knowledge but to question the ethic of their practice.

The dialectics of psychiatry necessarily generate someone like Coles, so attuned is his work to its contradictions. To Coles's mind, a profession that has reached such an apex of secularization that it scarcely recognizes its own malaise rushes backwards to the Age of Belief. For him, commitment means much more than forced placement into a mental hospital: it is the paramount standard to be applied to one's work. For psychiatry in general, however, the technical meaning suffices.

Having been granted a protectorate over those aspects of mind that had traditionally been associated with the demonic and most deeply related to the underside of social life, psychiatry has been able to sit back and enjoy the comfortable ways of a colonial administrator. For many it has seemed to provide the perfect mixture of doing good and doing well—a chance to combine intellectual satisfaction, a certain degree of altruism and the substantial rewards of being a physician. What is easily overlooked, of course, is that, like any technocratic profession, psychiatry is in measure rewarded according to the amount of social taming it insures. Thus where there is some real and palpable wrong—and where is there none?—the psychiatrist will find himself under considerable, albeit subtle, pressure to maintain the social order. In practice this usually works by withholding benefits from the disadvantaged and by developing specious technical criteria (e.g., IQ, an overemphasis on the subjective, or various diagnoses) which seem to validate the essential inferiority of the socially powerless.

These are no more than generalizations about an entire profession. What any given psychiatrist may choose to do is open to some latitude. Such is the degree of mystification to which the developing psychiatrist is exposed, however, that few manage to escape the smugness and blindness to social factors that characterize the breed. All the more credit then to Robert Coles for so early recognizing the trap and calling attention to it.

As is so often the case, circumstance came to his aid. It chanced that a post-residency tour of military duty was located in Mississippi at the dawn of the recent wave of civil rights struggles. Where another might have sunk into the torpid backwaters, Coles, the restless activist, saw an opportunity. He both joined the fray and used it as source material for writing and investigating the effects of social change on people's lives. In short, he launched a new career. Although he has continued to keep a few toes in the clinical world since (particularly in work with children and youths), Coles has staked out his calling —direct psychiatric observer—on the borderland between psychiatry and anthropology. Involved immediately in people's lives, Coles soon found it necessary to drop the detached style that has served the profession in both its scientific aspirations and social function. What he began to try to do instead was to limn the spirit of nameless and numberless Americans caught up in social upheaval—of racial change, of migration, of class dislocation. His aim has been not just to bear witness but to unabashedly convey, against the stream of jaded and disease-hunting professionalism, a feeling for the rich immediacy and inherent strength of these lives.

There is enough of Coles's substantive work in this volume—mainly in the last two essays—to give an idea of why his arduous task was worth the undertaking. Although I have my doubts about the overall merit of what Coles has done, there is something unmistakably grand about his portfolio of portraits. The sheer sweep of it reminds us in an artless way of the prodigious labor that must have gone into the assembly of the interviews. And beyond the simple matter of effort, one is impressed by the personal resources he has had to draw upon to form the right kind of working relationship with subjects—so disparate in age, race, locale and class interest. Coles's work, whatever its limits, indicates that the common denominator in people is great indeed, and that their powers of resistance are at least as great as their susceptibility to oppression.

That may be achievement enough, and perhaps would be, were not the effort so soured in the process of rendering it into the discourse of prose. But Coles the virtuoso of field observation succumbs to Coles the thinker. Considering the nobility of his goals and the frequent flashes of worthwhile social observation that dot his work—including these reviews—it is all the greater a loss to see the turgid outcome after his intellectual and moral faculties have had their fling.

It is easy to see that something has gone awry with Robert Coles's work, since the reading of it yields so little—only a vague sense that people are virtuous and complicated, and that their social arrangements count. At first glance he seems to be saying so much. But almost everything fizzles out at the level of mere fact embellished with some piety or another. Hardly anything is ever explained, the space for this being given over to endless reminders that the facts—for example, another's verbatim report—are sacrosanct and that any theoretical elaboration would in some way violate their essence. This is not only curious but disingenuous, since in reality these "facts" are generated out of Coles's interaction with the person who is speaking them; moreover they are selected and presented in the service of some definite intention.

After being regaled to distraction with various diatribes against anything interpretative, one begins to suspect some sort of hidden agenda behind the surface of his writing. While an adequate understanding is beyond us, some hints

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Joel Kovel is a psychoanalyst, and the author of White Racism: A Psychohistory *and* A Complete Guide to Therapy (*both Pantheon*).

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concerning this agenda are given throughout *The Mind's Fate* as Coles conducts his running debate with psychiatry. It is not so much with psychiatry, however as with the tradition that stands behind most of its modern development—psychoanalysis—that the real encounter occurs.

It has been Robert Coles's fate to have his intellectual predicament so largely defined by psychoanalysis. It rests like a rock on his life's work; and many of the essays that fill this volume are preoccupied with coming to terms with psychoanalysis, or, to continue the metaphor, squirming out from under it.

The union between Robert Coles and psychoanalysis is an unhappy one and would make a good case for divorce. Had he been able to follow directly in the less encumbered path of his great Populist forebears, such as James Agee, Coles might have felt freer to develop his marvelous and touching gallery of the American people. But he has been saddled with a discipline which holds as its most basic principle that what is conscious and manifest be analyzed into what is unconscious and hidden. And yet he has been unwilling to give up the psychoanalytic tradition—indeed, at a number of places he is at pains to associate himself with some of its most illustrious contemporary practitioners, such as Anna Freud and Erik Erikson, while the largest single entry in the index is that for Freud himself. At the same time he has also found himself unable to reconcile its methodology with the thrust of his own inclination to focus on people's manifest striving.

The dilemma is not irreconcilable, and in the right hands could generate a new and important synthesis. Unfortunately Coles's are not those hands. For reasons of his own Coles opts for the nonresolution of pretending that he is writing within a psychoanalytic mode when he is in fact twisting it out of shape. And perhaps because he half recognizes in some obscure way the shakiness of his position, his writing returns again and again to a kind of self-justification. Now the trickiness sets in. For Coles the master of direct observation does not undertake self-reflection directly and in the open. Rather does he find its terms represented in a particular kind of struggle that occurs in the outside world. He is forever coming back to this struggle. The situation has many guises, but in purest form is between a naive Victim who has hidden strength and a cynical Oppressor who attempts to bind the victim in intellectual chains—unless, of course, the latter is rescued by what can only be called a Coles-figure: someone who cares, is undogmatic, observes directly, writes simply, and so forth.

Sometimes the victim is a patient and the oppressor a pompous, mystifying psychiatrist; sometimes the parts are played by an historical figure, for instance the "remarkably gifted" Woodrow Wilson, who is being "slandered" by psychohistorians Freud and Bullitt; often it is a case of some articulate yet faceless individual, usually from the working class, who is victimized by an "arrogant" theoretician.*

The examples are each complex in their own right, and often there are many grains of truth in Coles's critique. But the tedious repetition of the theme, coupled with the stridency of his moralizing, the endless fretting and sermonizing, the bending over backward to praise or not to blame, the numbing proclamation of how complicated people are and how little we know, and how humble we should be—all this burdens Coles's work to the extreme.

I do not mean to suggest that it is the intellectual content of psychoanalytic theory that produces Coles's obsession with his paradigm of victimization. Beyond doubt there are other matters at stake. But whatever these are, it is the scientific attitude embedded within psychoanalysis onto which the conflict is displaced—and it is ultimately the fruit of this attitude, which is not facts but insight, that falls to Coles's overweening piety.

In the spectrum of interpretation that has grown around the complex and now legendary figure of Freud, Robert Coles occupies a particularly dubious spot: that of one who professes a friendly spirit while draining the critical power from Freud's thought. In an analogy which does no one a service, Coles observes that Freud and the early analysts were once members of a "small and somewhat persecuted minority," just like American black children. And to make this touching effort at equalization more thorough, they each had their flaws: "Freud resorted to metapsychology in a stubborn effort to find in abstractions a certain coherence, even as those boys call upon animals and their various qualities to lend force to conversations held in a rural Southern setting." Poor Freud. At least the children might be expected to outgrow their animistic ways. But what hope is there for Freud?: dead, his tradition turned over to "categorical minds" (Coles "marvels" at their work), who do not recognize that what they "would want to call the 'outer world' (the child's environment) and 'the inner world' (or the child's conscious and unconscious mind) are in a great many respects one world, so far as the concrete, everyday life of such children goes." For the child, "there are no such things as 'society' and 'political system' and 'unconscious.' Instead, he leads a daily life in which elements *we* happen to subsume under those 'entities' constantly mingle with one another, blend into one another, confront one another, even turn into one another." I wish Robert Coles would give those of us who fail to appreciate life's concrete richness a way to describe how society turns into the unconscious without using abstract terms. What are we to do—remain children?

The warning that one should attend to the concrete is an important one, but why expend a life's work on it? Coles might respond that such work ennobles those the dominant society tends to forget, since a close look invariably discloses a great deal of strength that middle-class categories of analysis tend to overlook. So far, so good. But why should the use of theory ("metapsychology") impede this? Here Coles is no help at all. In fact his treatment of theory is as abstract and impersonal as he accuses the theory-mongers of being toward individuals. Nowhere does he bother saying just what is wrong with any of these "categories," only that they are useless in themselves in getting at an individual life—a fact that no one disputes.

Perhaps he simply does not understand the theory of psychoanalysis. That may be, but the more likely explanation for Coles's aversion is, again, that it is displaced from another aspect of Freud's work, one truly central to it, but sedulously avoided in these pages. And that is Freud's role as what Paul Ricoeur aptly called a "master of suspicion." The fact that the unconscious consists of what is concretely unthinkable—because horrific—was correlated in Freud with his emphasis on exploring what he called "the much trampled soil from which our virtues proudly spring." It was Freud's relentless exposure of the unthinkable underside of civilized life that made him the genius and radical thinker he was, however staid he may have appeared in many of his other attitudes. And Coles, for all his innovativeness, is but another in the endless line

*It should be pointed out that in one of these psychodramas I am myself dragooned into the latter role. This may account for my sensitivity to the theme, although its prevalence can be easily attested to by any reading of *The Mind's Fate*.

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THE NATION

of those who have blinked under the Freudian vision, and looked off up into the heavens, or, within us, to the civilizing ego. In this he takes after his master Erikson, whom he so fulsomely praises in these pages (in which he also warns the reader against the idolatrizing of psychologists). It is an attitude that has served them both well with the liberal media, always on the lookout for upbeat news.

It seems to me that for all his achievement, Coles's harping on virtues and strengths vitiates the moral thrust of his work. For his real abstraction—in respect to which the theoretical "abstractions" he condemns are but the symbols—is the invisible side of human nature. Unlike the great moralists such as Melville, Dostoevsky or Freud, who won their vision by plunging into the depths, Coles betrays an unmistakable yearning to remain in the pulpit. And his sermon ultimately discredits the subjects for whom he has labored so compassionately as well as compromising the cause of their political liberation—a cause which requires a kind of in-depth truth antithetical to the spirit of Coles's harangue. It is a classic case of protesting too much. By leaving us with the unmistakable impression that there is something somewhere he doesn't want to examine, Coles's direct observations end by looking out onto the darkness once again. ☐

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Artists who take contemporary violence as their subject matter frequently simplify their experience into a single lamenting cry. Their sense of outrage leads quickly to a variant on familiar Expressionist *Angst*. Among artists who have handled violence Nancy Spero is unique in her capacity to inflect brutal and terrifying material without such emotional simplification. At the A.I.R. Gallery (until October 6) is a new work of hers, "Torture of Women," a huge scroll that runs continuously round the gallery, making accusatory statement into an environment.

Spero has worked with topics of contemporary violence for ten years. First, in 1966, was a series of drawings on "The Bomb," the radioactive cloud of which she often peopled with long-tongued heads, their spewing action a metaphor of the devastating release of energy. In some of these drawings she indicated a kind of complicity of the

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victims, as snakelike figures capped with human faces reared up and licked the mushroom-shaped cloud. This is not literally applicable, of course, to either of the cases in which nuclear weapons were used; Spero's imagery here surely alludes to the phenomenon of the cooperative victims in concentration camps. The bomb and the camps are startlingly fused. Such a conjunction is why I said that her treatment of violence is inflected: it is humanly complex, not merely aghast.

Growing out of the war in Vietnam was a series of gouaches of helicopters, often shown with their crews bundling prisoners out while in flight. Shocked by reports of these incidents Spero took them as her subject. She used the familiar comparison of helicopters to insects and presented the planes as extraordinary creatures, discharging their human cargo. It is as if she were representing the machines as Vietnamese peasants may have seen them at first—as a kind of carnivore technology. The analogy is not merely fancifully presented: Spero keeps a core of fidelity to the loose-jointed structure of the planes in her rickety drawing. This "Codex Artaud" may not sound as nourished on politics as the earlier series but in fact is based on a feminist viewpoint. She uses the frenzied poet's words in collage, building a savage parallel between Artaud's abasement as a psychotic and her own repression as a woman. Again there is an inflected meaning. The act of identification is ironic in that Artaud, with his hatred of women, would not have countenanced their collaboration in his lifetime. His death was needed for it to be possible.

Thus "Torture of Women" comes out of a sustained concern with extreme situations. On torn paper, like panic-stricken printout, done with the uppercase letters of a bulletin typewriter, we read details of torture victims: name, age, date of arrest, and the techniques of abuse. These record events in Uruguay, Chile, Brazil, South Vietnam, Turkey, all in the 1970s. According to one Chilean report, quoted by Spero: all women prisoners "became pregnant during their detention."

Lucy Lippard, in her catalogue, calls Spero "secretary to the apocalypse," which catches nicely both her use of the typewriter and her catastrophe-oriented imagination. However, we need to note that the apocalyptic tone has a precise function. The documentary parts are typed, but there are occasional large-scale inscriptions, done with hand-printed wooden letters. These passages generalize the argument with a legendary content. One is from Assyrian mythology, another is Egyptian, an account of the male Marduk attacking the female Tiamat like a Near-Eastern Jack the Ripper. The function of mythology, when it is inserted into a modern context like this, is usually to provide a consolatory perspective, but Spero is too rigorous for this. What happens is that the documented modern art acts reveal the barbarity of the ancient sacrificial ritual. The cruelty becomes absolute, not the rite.

Spero, first in the "Codex Artaud" and now in "Torture of Women" has developed collage techniques in a remarkable way. The various levels of verbal communication and the visual images, usually painted in metal paint, mixed with black, interpenetrate. In a sense, none of her visual images are spatial. They do not turn the field of paper in which they occur into a three-dimensional zone. They are *written*, even when they are exquisitely modeled. Thus the visual passages are no less signs than the characters in the verbal passages.

Spero's pathos is always topical but she never resorts to caricature, a constant temptation to the dissenting artist. Though her subject matter is political she does not assume immediate efficacy is possible in painting: she has no naive expectation of reform. Nor does she assume that her passion can align words, however accurate, and images, however pictographic. The alliance of text and emblem sometimes tugs apart, sometimes condenses. That is to say, there is no perfect communication, only approximate conjunctions of signs and referents. This is a familiar condition in 20th-century art (from Klee to de Kooning) but it is rare to find such linguistic sophistication in the art of protest, which is usually narrowed to goals of short-term reform. Spero is stricken by human behavior but does not assume that art can transcend history.

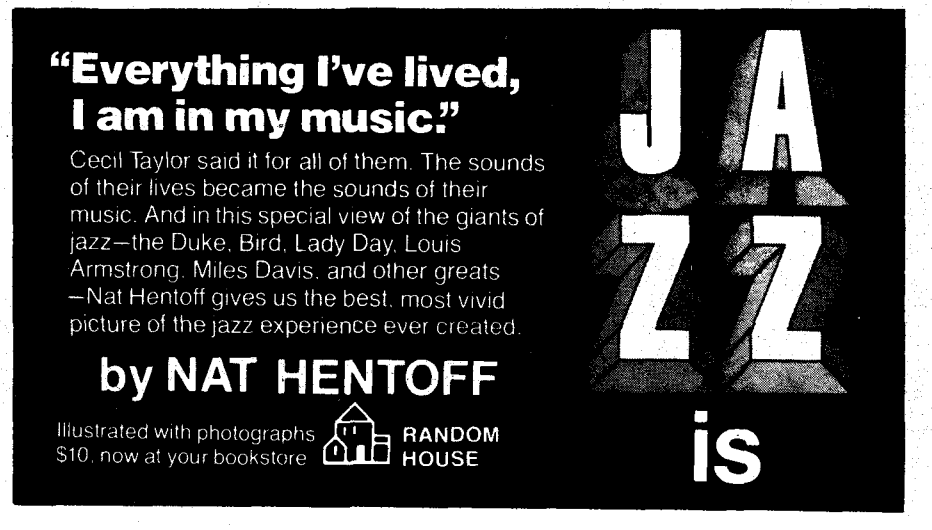
One last point: she works on paper on a scale that prohibits its customary protection by mount and frame. In this she can be compared with other artists who have revised our conception of the scale of drawing. It is neither preparatory for other work nor intimate in scale. It expresses ideas no less ambitious than painting and on a scale comparable to sculpture. There has been a dilation of drawing to room size, as in the wall drawings of Sol LeWitt and in the door-size graphite sheets of Michelle Stuart. Spero expands collage to environmental scale without losing that subtle fragmentation of diverse parts central to the tradition of collage. □

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

The plays of Sir James Matthew Barrie (1860-1937) are not exactly in fashion. *Peter Pan*, of course, transcends fashion; *What Every Woman Knows* gets an occasional revival; but the rest of Barrie's work has been steadily receding into the mists. When, for instance, was the last time you heard of a production of *The Admirable Crichton*, that tremendous success of 1902? And indeed who in 1976 could conceivably sit still for a story, frankly labeled "a fantasy" by its author, about a servant who wins the love of his aristocratic lady when they are shipwrecked together on a desert island, only to lose her when they return to civilization?

But life is full of surprises. As Robert Hatch has pointed out in this magazine, Barrie's old plot has recently surfaced again in Lina Wertmuller's *Swept Away by an Unfortunate Occurrence in the Blue Sea of August*—and it turns out that a great many people have been will-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ing to sit still for it in cinematic form. And now, emboldened perhaps by the success of Wertmuller's movie, the Shaw Festival in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, which includes Shaw's contemporaries in its purview, has given us a chance to see *The Admirable Crichton* itself. It turns out to be a fascinating play, even though nobody in it gets to roll around on the sand, crying "Sodomize me! Sodomize me!"

Both film and play are concerned with dominance and submission, an ancient double act with a strange capacity to stir the psyche. Wertmuller's treatment is the more romantic; only the lovers are shipwrecked, without anyone to intrude on their sadomasochistic idyll, whereas Barrie puts a party of eight on his desert island, the better to show a new society emerging. The sex in Barrie's play is of course a great deal less explicit—Crichton would have been utterly appalled to wake up and find a nosegay of flowers in his crotch—but sex is there just the same. Barrie is very clear about the connection between power and sexual attractiveness—all the clearer, perhaps, for the lack of Wertmuller's masturbatory lushness.

Barrie's Crichton is not a radical like Wertmuller's Gennarino; he is Lord Loam's perfect butler, a staunch conservative, a lover of social stratifications and subordinations, terribly embarrassed by his master's half-baked theories of equality.

> CRICHTON: To me the most beautiful thing in the world is a haughty, aristocratic English house, with every one kept in his place. Though I were equal to your ladyship, where would be the pleasure to me? It would be counterbalanced by the pain of feeling that Thomas and John were equal to me.
> LADY CATHERINE: But father says if we were to return to Nature—
> CRICHTON: . . . Circumstances might alter cases; the same person might not be master; the same persons might not be servants. I can't say as to that, nor should we have the deciding of it. Nature would decide for us.

Then they all go on a cruise and are wrecked, and almost against his will Crichton becomes the master. In a scene that turns social fact (or Barrie's idea of social fact) into devastatingly vivid stage imagery, the others submit to him one by one, vanquished by the smell of the food that only he has had the competence to gather and prepare. Nature has decided.

Two years later, the shipwrecked party has become a busy, happy little society, with Crichton, now known as "the Gov.," at its head. He is treated like a king, almost a god: the men defer to him abjectly; the women vie eagerly for the chance to serve him his dinner. This too, Barrie wants us to believe, is natural: "There must always be one to command and others to obey," and rank has its privileges. But what he shows us, with every sign of approval, is a kind of primitive, idyllic fascism. You can see in this play the germ of that fascination with the Dictator that was to engulf Europe a few decades later.

However, just in the midst of the festivities that mark the betrothal of the Gov. to his chosen bride, Lord Loam's eldest daughter, a ship's gun is heard. Self-sacrificingly, Crichton turns on the beacon light, assuring that they will be seen and rescued. Back in London, a servant again, he is alone for a moment with his former fiancée:

> LADY MARY: You are the best man among us.
> CRICHTON: On an island, my lady, perhaps; but in England, no.
> LADY MARY: Then there's something wrong with England.
> CRICHTON: My lady, not even from you can I listen to a word against England.

Barrie cannot bring himself to attack the social order outright, so he leaves us instead, tantalizingly, with the whole question of its validity reverberating in the air.

The Admirable Crichton has its share of evasions, ugly implications, cardboard characters, feeble whimsies and uncomfortably dated writing, but never for long does Barrie lose touch with the strength of his material, with the great question of who shall be master, and why, and how. If it never occurs to him that we might possibly be able to get along without masters, perhaps we need to confront the possibility that he could be right—if only to help us consider how we may best prove him wrong.

Barrie's hero is played at the Shaw Festival by a Canadian actor, Michael Ball, who admirably encompasses Crichton's butlerian pomposity in London, and his manly readiness on the island, and makes them seem like aspects of the same personality. The large supporting cast is, with one or two exceptions, satisfactory. Maurice Strike's sets and costumes have a witty lavishness about them, making the most of the play's *Swiss Family Robinson* aspect: lamps

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Julius Novick is a drama critic for The Village Voice *and* The Humanist, *and an associate professor of literature at SUNY, Purchase. His book,* Beyond Broadway: The Quest for Permanent Theatres, *is based on a series of articles he wrote for* The Nation *in 1966.*

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made out of conch shells, seats out of barrels, a table of logs; splendid buckskins and a gorgeous cloak of feathers for Crichton as "the Gov."; a thrilling ship ablaze with lights on the horizon for the rescue. Barry Morse, the director, is very good at orchestrating spectacle and action, at charging the key moments that need to be charged; he does not forget what the play is about. With a fine irony, Morse bridges the scene changes with selections from Sir Edward Elgar, Bart., O.M. (1857-1934), and plays the audience out at the end with *Pomp and Circumstance*.

This is a good year at the Shaw Festival for plays that seem more current today than they did a few years ago. *The Admirable Crichton* alternates in repertory with *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, an early work of Shaw's which seemed in its own time a lurid exposé of the economic basis of prostitution, but which now reveals itself as a truly feminist play about two strong women, mother and daughter, struggling to define their relationship to each other. (How many plays can you name that revolve around mother and daughter? The *Electra* of Euripides, parts of O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *A Taste of Honey*—I can think of no others.) Joseph Papp's recent revival of Shaw's play at Lincoln Center was blighted by the miscasting of Ruth Gordon as Mrs. Warren; at Niagara, Mrs. Warren and her daughter are played by Kate Reid and Roberta Maxwell, and their scenes together are full of invigorating energy. Not every character she plays can contain Miss Reid's blowsy vulgarity, but as Mrs. Warren she is just right: tarty expansiveness on the surface, with shrewdness and grit readily apparent underneath.

Arms and the Man, on the other hand, is not a rediscovery but an old standby, probably Shaw's most charming play. At the Shaw Festival it is distorted into a vehicle for Paxton Whitehead (the Festival's artistic director), who plays the braggart soldier Sergius; but Mr. Whitehead is such a virtuoso of the mock-heroic that, emboldened by Shaw's insistence that immediate realities are more important than abstract principles, I do not propose to complain. The last Shaw Festival production this season is Shaw's political extravaganza *The Apple Cart*, another play in which power and sex come under consideration. It opened after I left Niagara, so I cannot say for certain whether it too has gained in cogency in recent years, but I would think it not unlikely. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

Certainly this year's Republican convention was more interesting than what John Connally kept on calling the Democrat convention, with its tired hacks hacking away, except perhaps for Barbara Jordan. Besides having the advantage of an issue in some doubt, the Republican one had classic ingredients (staple ones to be sure and nothing to match the truly interesting McGovern convention four years ago): *two* underdogs going in, a rules fight staged for tactical reasons, a couple of last hurrahs, a Keystone Cops sequence (over the Vice President's stolen phone), candidates' wives in feline competition, and thumping partisan oratory.

It also had funny hats, an Invocation which actually mentioned Jesus Christ, a U.S. Secretary of State with a terrific German accent, a President's wife looking unwell, glum black conservatives, and clever NBC cameras alternating shots of Rockefeller having a grand foxy time with shots of a heavy unhappy Happy.

As soon as I say *cameras* I am including in my account a major convention figure—TV himself. We now watch TV watching events almost as much as we watch the events. Does Walter Cronkite seem taken with Nancy Reagan as he interviews her paternally? Will Cassie Mackin be nice or nasty tonight? Is Bill Moyers holding his own with old smoothie Sevareid? Will Mike Wallace find out what's going on in the Mississippi rump caucus? Can Dan Rather waltz Rogers Morton across the floor for an on-camera explanation with the Mississippi delegation before large Morton thinks maybe he's being had?

Such preoccupations are inevitable for a number of reasons, one of them being that there's often precious little else to gnaw on. Another reason is that the TV reporters and anchormen are bigger in our day-to-day lives than the people they are covering, no matter how substantially important the latter may be. After all, cozy in our Barcoloungers, eating ice cream, we see Walter and/or David every single day of our lives. Apart from outlandish, hotshot or beloved columnists like Pegler, Winchell or Pyle, newsprint journalists were only read, not seen and heard. Just as our family members need not offer remarkable qualities for us to pay them attention, so TV reporters may be nothing special, are indeed expected to be bland; yet they are large in the lives

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of average watchers who, according to the cheerfully pessimistic Norman Lear, keep their sets going six hours a day.

New technological developments force older genres and modes of communication to re-evaluate themselves or die. The camera profoundly affected the painter, forced him into a corner from which he came out fighting. The printing press was the making of the poet, in the modern literary sense. Film affected the novelist in two opposite ways at once; he explored what writing might do better than film, and he adopted movie techniques of intercutting, flashback and, simply, speed.

For the moment, one of the effects TV is having on newsprint journalism is to make it report on TV, something the networks are not about to do for themselves. Accordingly, *The New York Times Magazine* cover story a week after the convention was not about the campaigns but about TV coverage of the campaigns. *Time* discussed the "Made-for-TV" convention; *Newsweek* followed our brave newscasters in a detailed piece on "Hard Work, Hard News." Such efforts come under the rubric: What Can We Do That They Can't/Don't?

I also discern some movement under the opposite rubric: What Should We Do That They Do? The news magazines have been increasing their photographic coverage. They haven't gone all the way back to *Life*, but they've put out lavish and jazzy color spreads on the convention in which they manage some things TV didn't, or even couldn't. Intimacy, for example: *Time* covered "The Fords Backstage." Or art: nice shots in *Newsweek* of individual delegates, and a strong wide-angle view of jammed Kemper Arena.

Also, though I suppose the news magazines, at any rate, always tended to use fictional techniques and usually badly, I think there may be more TV-inspired concentration on descriptive touches, but not à la Luce. *Newsweek*, recounting back-room stuff which cameras couldn't get at, is playing *I Am a Camera* when it has Ford in conference at the Crown Center Hotel with his advisers, including Rockefeller, "who kept stirring his coffee with the earpiece of his eyeglasses."

There are substantive differences between the two means of reportage. Most important, the newsprint journalist can move about freely in space and time without cumbersome machinery. If the crucial thing doesn't occur on prime time he'll get it anyway, and his mere existence won't bully men and events into rescheduling themselves. At the last Democratic convention McGovern's acceptance speech was missed by most people simply because they'd gone to bed. It was to be found in the morning paper, but not a second time on TV. In the present case one supposes that Ford decided not to take issue with the Reaganite alteration of the foreign-policy part of the plank partly because it would upset the TV schedule.

What does TV do well beyond bringing you the bacon while the hog is still alive? It gives you a feel of people; after watching someone you thought you disliked you may like him better—or worse. And though TV gives less in certain respects, on some occasions it gives more—indeed, on some occasions it gives you the whole thing. Public TV gave you Watergate, and the complete, fascinating hearings on the Rockefeller Vice Presidential appointment. Yet there are impressionistic dangers in all this. As we squint perceptively (we imagine) at these people hour after hour we may project virtues and vices onto them much too subjectively for sound voting. The extreme consequence is for good old Uncle Walter to become President Cronkite because he's so nice on TV; indeed he has been suggested for the job.

It was always true that politicians tend to say little and say it often, but at least they had to deliver the text many times, many seasons. Now, instant national TV exposure does to politics what it did to boxing—no more club fighters. Watching the old-time Ford with his old-time crowd, one finds it conceivable that Carter may lose, regardless of the odds. □

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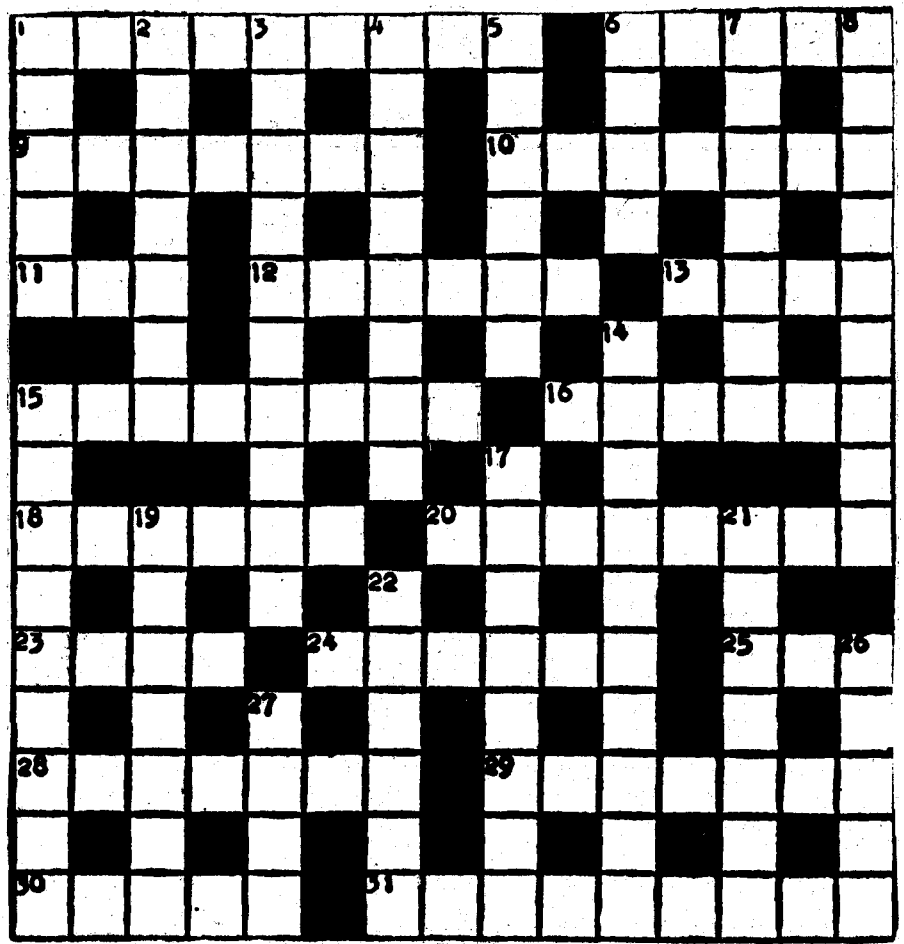
Crossword Puzzle No. 1647

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 One whose father was a novelist, or who's son was? (9,5)
9 Day of Grace? (7)
10 More or less musical circle with transportation in a broken-down form. (7)
11, 12 and 13 The other fellow's insurance is probably equivalent to "No, thank you." (3,2,4,4)
15 Leather string, nothing in front? (8)
16 See 6 down
18 Not so happy a color product from it? (6)
20 12 x 12 might, the way we learned it, put it next to your chair, perhaps. (3-5)
23 Mineral or animal state in it. (4)
24 A fixer, when it comes to price. (6)
25 Catch Prohibition coming back! (3)
28 Your house is almost certainly knocked out like this. (7)
29 Lots of water? Ring Triple-A in trouble. (7)
30 You have to understand such a sign. (5)
31 See 1 down

DOWN

1 and 31 across To do it might be a Christian deed, or even a Muslim law. (3,2,4,5)
2 German Prince, although many a one of us might be so considered. (7)
3 Famous last words of the retiring diarist. . . . (3,2,2,3)
4 . . . and how his work progresses. (3,2,3)
5 Coming out of part of the Bible, obviously. (6)
6 and 16 across How heavy bodies are measured? (4,6)
7 Frank might have such privilege. (7)
8 A quarter in a Washington town in which one might find jellyfish. (3-6)
14 The part of the marriage that's not so bad, but dated. (6,4)
15 Apt remark to one on a high horse. (4,3,2)
17 Undone in this, possibly, one might get only an oblique hint of it. (8)
19 It's not very interesting to cut short repairs for the main force here. (7)
21 Being confused about a little 1 across, one has a different language. (7)
22 One of those twelve o'clock exiters? (3-3)
26 Run ashore. (5)
27 Press club? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1646

ACROSS: 1 Father William; 9 Idiot; 10 Decimeter; 11 Yankees; 12 Lanolin; 13 Olios; 14 Dissemble; 16 Malemutes; 18 Batch 19 Timothy; 21 Stiller; 22 Entertain; 23 Coati; 24 Hard-boiled egg. DOWN: 1 Fairy Godmother; 2 Triennial; 3 Entrees; 4 Wades; 5 Localisms; 6 Immense; 7 Motel; 8 Prince Charming; 14 Dithyramb; 15 Battle-axe; 17 Maturer; 18 Brioche; 20 Match; 21 Sunni.

classified

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